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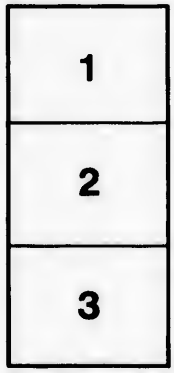

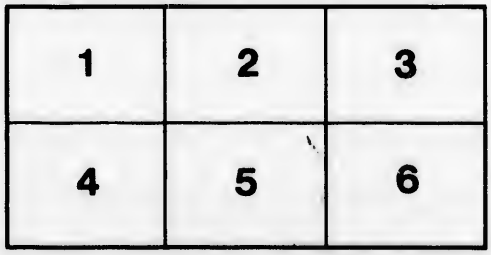

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The Royal Readers.

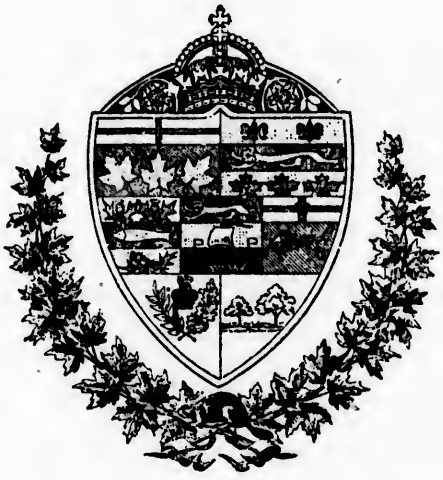
Special Canadian Series.

SECOND BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM GIACOMELLI AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.



Authorized by the Minister of Education for use in the High and Public Schools of Ontario.

Toronto:

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,

AND

JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

PE1119
S39

Entered, according to Act of Parliament, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, in the year of our Lord 1883, by THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, and JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON, Toronto.

PREFACE.

THE SECOND BOOK will be found to afford, in its opening Lessons, an easy transition from the last pages of the Primer to short continuous narratives. In common with all the other Readers of this Series, the frame-work of the SECOND BOOK is so planned as to avoid all disturbance of official programmes or of school classification.

Exercises in the reading of written words and in the writing of printed words are still provided for.

The readings have been chosen with the desire and expectation of making this little book not alone the child's constant companion, but a dearly-loved friend—brimful of charming pictures, overflowing with delightful rhymes and stories. To the English-speaking race the Baltic is the great fountain of folk-lore. Happily we can there find exquisite imagination combined with pure morals and with robust manhood. The winter scenes and amusements there are the originals of our own. When our children take to winter sports, they but live over again the youth of the gray north Fatherland. There, as here, "Christmas" calls up before the memory not the sad, weeping skies of milder climates, but the keen,

bracing air, the music of the sleigh-bells, the treasure-trove of St. Nicholas. There is thus a peculiar propriety in bringing our children into contact with that wonderful old Fatherland from which the British Empire has inherited so much. While not neglecting English writers, we have here freely drawn upon the fancy of the versatile brothers Grimm; upon the Russian fabulist Krilof; upon the famous Danish story-teller Andersen; and upon the less known, but equally delightful, Swedish writers Topelius and Gustafsson. In all of these writers, the narrative is of the simplest; while their fresh and joyous style is in charming accord with the springtime of our lives.

TORONTO, *May 10, 1882.*

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Verse is indicated by Italics.

Part First.

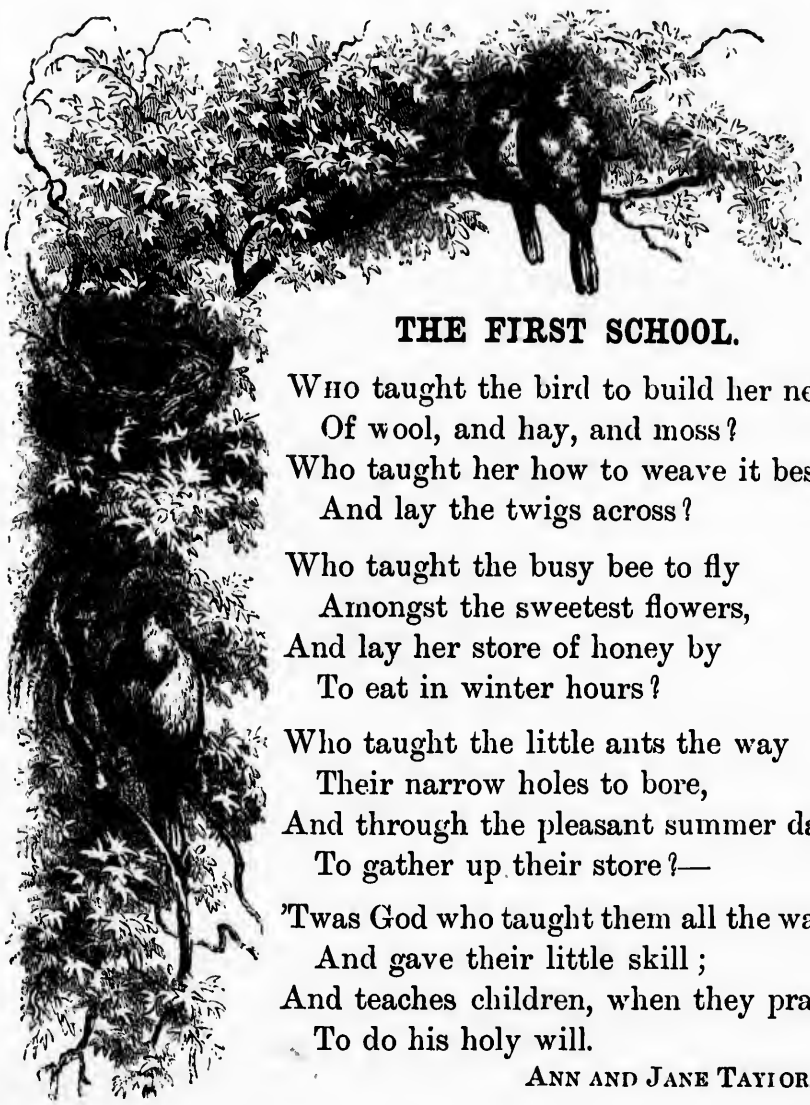
Part Second.

Part Third.

Part Fourth.

SECOND BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

PART I.



THE FIRST SCHOOL.

WHO taught the bird to build her nest,
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Amongst the sweetest flowers,
And lay her store of honey by
To eat in winter hours?

Who taught the little ants the way
Their narrow holes to bore,
And through the pleasant summer day
To gather up their store?—

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill;
And teaches children, when they pray,
To do his holy will.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."—
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till thy little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies, she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."—
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till thy little limbs are stronger;"
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

TENNYSON.

NURSERY RHYMES.

1.—LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree;
Up went Pussy Cat,
And down went he.

Down came Pussy Cat,
And away Robin ran;
Said little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast
Hopped upon a wall;
Pussy Cat jumped after him,
And almost got a fall.

Little Robin chirped aloud;
And what did Pussy say?
Pussy Cat said "Mew;"
And Robin flew away.

2.—ROBIN AND RICHARD.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay abed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
"Oh, oh, brother Richard, the sun 's very high;
You go before with bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag."

IN THE WOOD.

Minnie went for a walk in the wood. She took her basket on her arm, to hold all the flowers and berries that she found, for her dear little baby brother.

There are two butterflies on the flowers. Minnie must not catch them, they are so happy in the bright sunshine.

The flowers are for little girls to gather, but they must only watch the pretty insects as they flutter about. They live only one short summer. They sip the honey from the flowers, flutter about a little while, lay some tiny eggs, and then die.

Minnie must take care she does not lose her way.

NURSERY RHYMES.

1.—PIPING TOM.

Piping Tom was a piper's son;
He learned to play when he was young;
But the only tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he vastly pleased both girls and boys;
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom played on his pipe with so much skill,
That those who heard him could ne'er keep still;
Whenever they heard, they began to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance!

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play;

So Dolly and the cow must dance a lilt,
Till the pail fell down, and the milk was spilt.

He saw a cross fellow once beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe, and played them a tune,
And the poor donkey's load was lightened full soon.

2.—LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them:
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;

But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined then to find them ;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed—
For they'd left their tails behind them !

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Along a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung up on a tree to dry !

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And ran o'er hill and dale,
And tried all she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail !

DIGGING DOLLY'S GRAVE.

Susy petted her doll Peggy, and pretended to give it medicine. Now her brother Charlie did not like dolls, and he tried to think of some means to get Miss Peggy out of the way.

"If she's so ill, she will die very soon," said he.

"Oh, I am sure she won't die," said Susy. "She's

taken twenty-ten pills, and ever so much castor-oil, and a dose of—a dose of—well, I don't know what it was, but something dreadful."

"Let me see her," said Charlie. "Oh, she's dead. She's quite dead. We'll bury her."

"Well, so we will," cried Susy.

So they each took a stick and began to dig a hole in the midst of grandmamma's garden. When they had dug a pretty large one, they squeezed Miss Peggy down into it, and covered her with leaves.

"Now she is dead and buried," said Charlie, "let's go and think about her. People always sit down and think about dead folk."

So they sat down and looked very grave for some minutes, when Susy said,—"There! I've thoughted an hour, and now I am going to take her up."

"No, you mustn't. She's dead; and we ought to wear black. I am her father, and you are her mother."

Susy was just going to cry.

"I don't want my dear dolly to be dead any longer," said she.

"If you are going to cry, I'll go home," said Charlie. "I don't like girls very well."

Just then nurse, who had heard all their little talk, came down.

"Dolly isn't dead," said she. "She is only muddy. You mustn't bury her again."

"What for mustn't I?" asked Susy.

"Because it makes her all muddy. And dollies

don't like to be buried. It makes them feel quite sad to be buried."

"Then I won't do so again," said Susy.

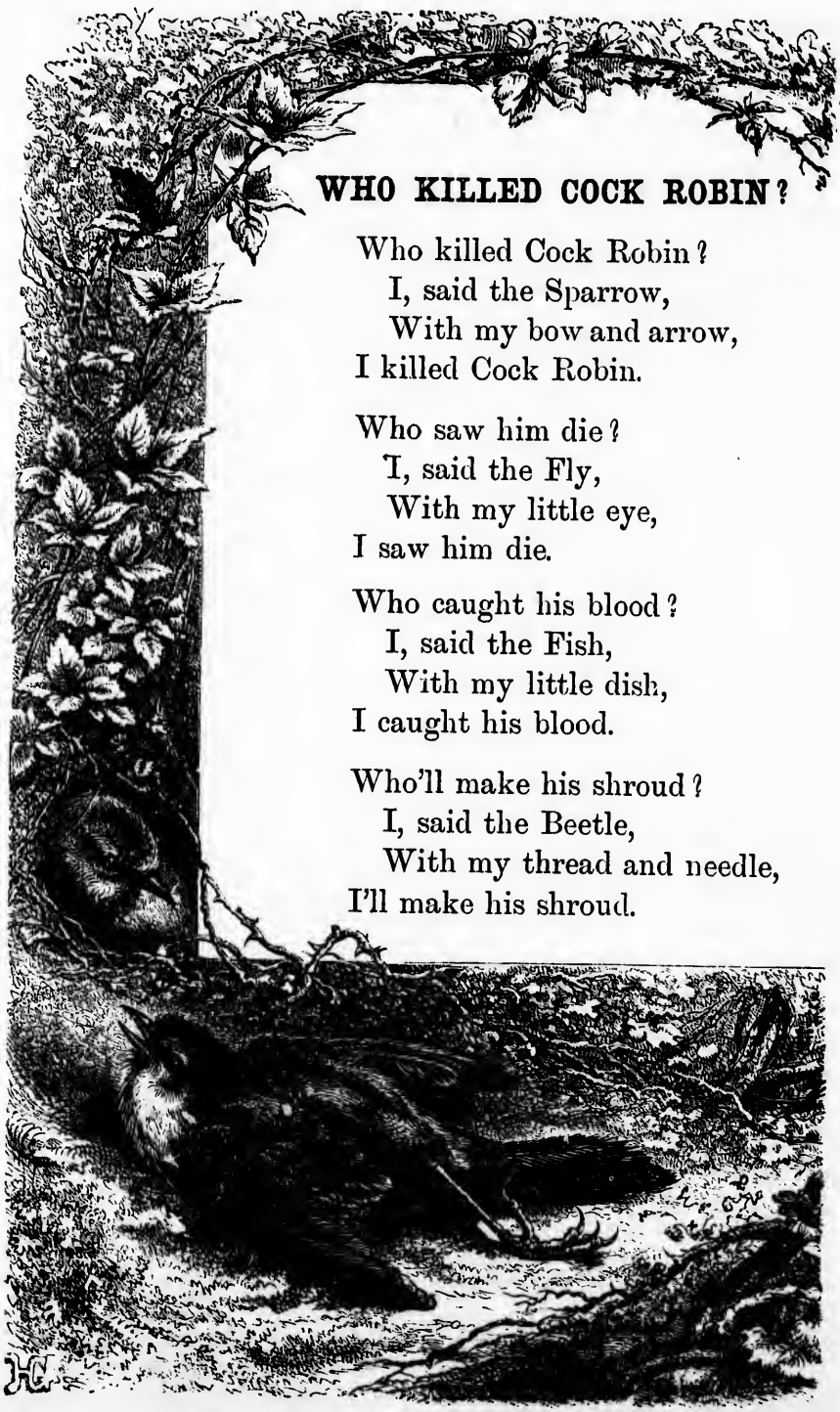
Susy's Six Teachers.

MY CHILDHOOD.

Here lay, on the 2nd of April 1805, a living and weeping child,—that was myself,—Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence, my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud from Holberg; but I cried all the time. "Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?" my father asked in joke; but I still cried on: and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, "The young one screams like a cat!" which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant Gomar, who stood as god-father, consoled her in the meantime by saying that the louder I cried as a child all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older.

I was the only child, and was very much spoiled; but I often heard from my mother how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like the child of a noble. When a child, my mother had been driven out by her parents to beg; and once, when she was not able to get anything, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
I'll say amen in the dark,
I'll be the clerk.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear the torch?
I, said the Linnet,
Will come in a minute,
I'll bear the torch.

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll sing his dirge?
I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush,
I'll sing his dirge.

Who'll carry his coffin?
I, said the Kite,
If it be very light,
I'll carry his coffin.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

THE STAR.

Here is little Ella looking out of the open window of her room, before she goes to say good-night to her mother.

It is night, and all outside is dark and still. The birds have gone home to their nests, and the bees are safe in their hives.

Ella sees a bright bright star in the sky. It is far far away; much farther than she can tell. The star makes her think of the pretty verses Aunt Mary once taught her. Would you like to learn them too? Here they are:—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

"When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

"Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not tell which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

"In the dark blue sky you keep,
And oft through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky."

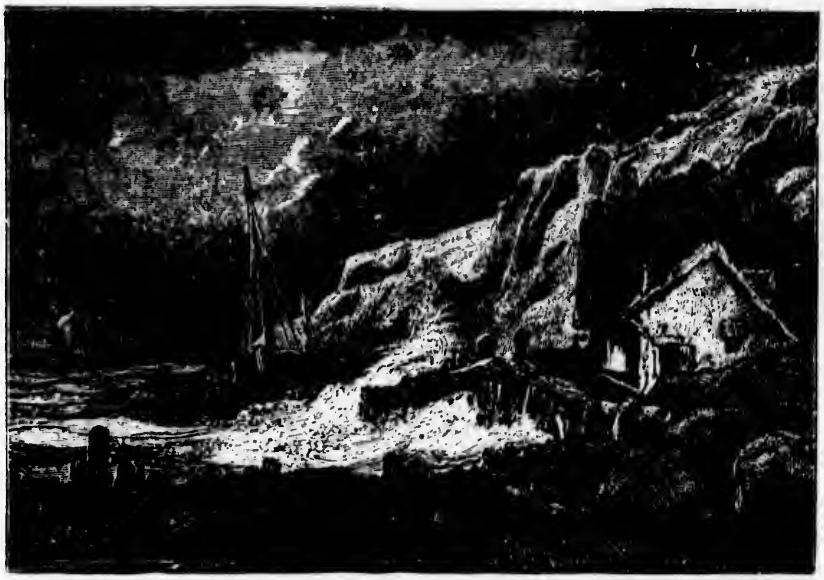
Ella said these lines over very slowly, all the time keeping her eyes fixed on the star far away up in the sky. Then she went to find her mother; and she told her of the bright star that was shining in the sky. That night, and on many nights afterwards, Ella and her mother went together to look at the bright evening star.

WRITE :—

bright	*shines*	*spark*	*out-side*
think	*light*	*thanks*	*far-ther*
taught	*night*	*look-ing*	*pret-ty*
world	*dark*	*win-dow*	*good-night*

---

twin-kle	*trav-el-ler*	*moth-er*
won-der	*cur-tains*	*shin-ing*
di-a-mond	*slow-ly*	*to-geth-er*
blaz-ing	*keep-ing*	*e-ven-ing*
noth-ing	*fixed*	*through*



OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

Hush ! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam ;
Father toils amid their din,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
On they come, on they come !
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,*
Where they roam, where they roam ;
Sister goes to seek the cows,
But baby sleeps at home.

X. X.

* Hillocks [*ow* sounded as in cow].

THE TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

Tom and Frank were errand boys in a shop. One day they were sent out with some parcels. One of the parcels was to be left at the Globe Bank; but as the boys did not know where the Globe Bank was, they had to ask some one to tell them.

Tom stepped up to a man who was passing. and said, "Say, where's the Globe Bank?"

The man answered quickly, "Where it always was," and kept on.

"That's a mean man," said Tom.

"That's an ill-bred boy," said the man to himself.

"Let me ask this man that's coming," said Frank.

So, when the man came up with them, Frank spoke to him. "Sir, will you please to tell me where the Globe Bank is?"

"Certainly," said the man; "walk along with me, and I will show you."

"This is a gentlemanly little fellow," said the man to himself.

I like to hear a boy or a girl speak in a polite way, and say, "Sir," "I thank you," "If you please."

WRITE :—

fel-low	*ill-bred*	*cer-tain-ly*
stepped	*please*	*gen-tle-man-ly*
er-rand	*par-cels*	*po-lite*

THE HAY-FIELD.

Make hay while the sun is shining,—
In the morning of life make hay;
A child like you
But little can do,
Yet work a little he may.

He who cannot load a waggon
Can a little go-cart fill;
The stack will grow,
And its size will show
You have worked with a heart and will.

What small drops make the ocean!
What grains of sand the shore!
Let it be confessed
You have done *your best*,—
A giant can do no more!

A. L. O. E.

THE KITTEN AND THE WOODEN SHOE.

Once there was a very little kitten that lived in a country house in France. Near the house there was a pond. The kitten often used to run down to the pond, and play among the long grass.

In France, as in French Canada, many of the working people wear wooden shoes. One day the gardener at the house where the kitten lived left his large wooden shoes by the side of the pond. The kitten found the shoes, and began to push them about. She pushed one of them into the water; and jumping into it, she was soon sailing on the pond!

In a minute the wooden shoe was too far from the side of the pond for the kitten to jump ashore. Poor little thing! she did not know what to do.

Carl and his sister, who were crossing the field,

saw the kitten in the wooden shoe. They ran down to the pond; but the shoe was beyond their reach. Then they ran for the gardener; and he came at once to see what he could do.

Taking a long string, he tied a small stone to it, and then threw the stone far into the pond, right over the wooden shoe. The gardener gave Carl the string, and he began to pull it very gently, drawing the shoe with the kitten towards the shore. On and on the tiny boat came, till it was close to where Carl and his sister stood. Out jumped the kitten, none the worse for her sail on the pond; but she was never again seen to touch the gardener's shoes.

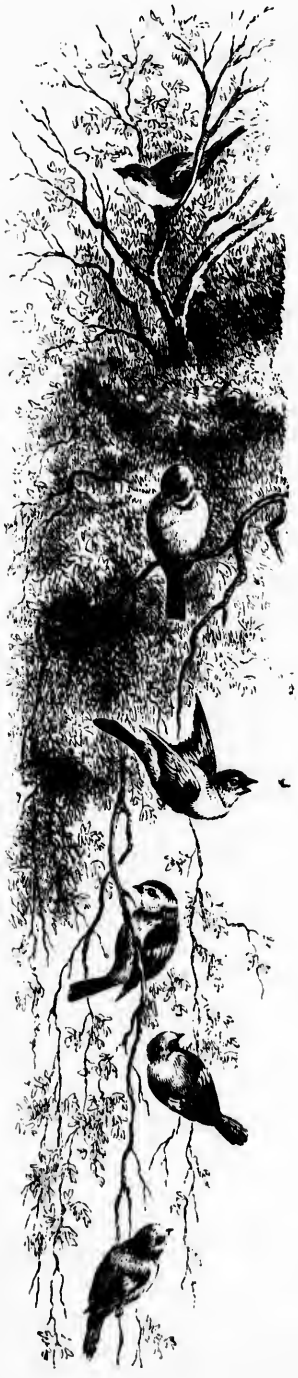
Boys and girls may learn a lesson from this story of the kitten—*Never to meddle with things they know nothing about.*

WRITE :—

house	*reach*	*right*	*coun-try*
large	*could*	*learn*	*work-ing*
shoes	*string*	*lit-tle*	*peo-ple*
pushed	*small*	*kit-ten*	*Can-a-da*

---

wood-en	*a-shore*	*tow-ards*
gar-den-er	*cross-ing*	*sis-ter*
jump-ing	*be-yond*	*les-son*
sail-ing	*gen-tly*	*med-dle*
min-ute	*draw-ing*	*noth-ing*



THE BEE AND THE DOVE.

A bee was sipping honey,
The pretty blossom shook;
The poor bee toppled over,
Into a tiny brook.

A dove within the bower
A leaf plucked from a tree;
She flew unto the brooklet,
And dropped it to the bee.

The bee, with many struggles,
Got on the leaf afloat;
And safely to the margin
Came the little silvan boat!

The dove was cooing softly
Within her bower one day;
A sportsman came so gaily,
With dog and gun, that way.

He raised the deadly weapon,
And pointed at the dove;
The bee came swiftly flying
Upon the wings of love;—

She lighted on his finger,
She darted down her sting,
And puff! the shot was scattered,
The dove was on the wing!

Then welcome every kindness,
And pay it back with love;—
Each one may help another,
Like the busy bee and dove.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

Well, little boys, are you not glad to see the first snow? Isn't it fun to be out in it, if the flakes only fall softly, like so many white blossoms?

But the big boys like, best of all, to make the soft snow into round balls, and then pelt each other with them. This is good exercise as long as all keep good-natured.

But when some unlucky ball hits the face a little too hard, the fun often changes to something less pleasant.

Then the snow brings with it such splendid coast-

ing, that the boys hail it with delight. Even the little boys can enjoy this now and then with their big brothers.

The pigeons also are flying about as if really enjoying the first snow-storm. Their master is

kind and will care for them, so why should they fear the cold weather?

Many poor people dread the long, cold winter. Do you ever think, little boys, when you are sitting around the warm, comfortable fire, with your apples and nuts, that there are ever so many little boys who can hardly get bread enough to eat?

And when you are dressed warmly for a good run and play out of doors, do you ever think of the poor boys who never have any overcoat, or warm mittens, or thick shoes and stockings?

Sometimes their shoes are so poor that their bare feet touch the cold snow. And some have no shoes or stockings either.

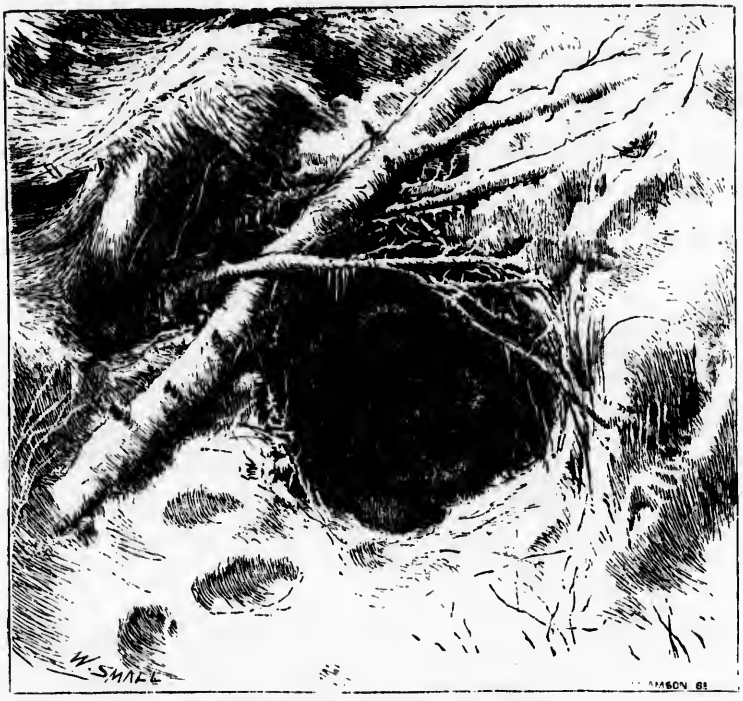
We should always treat the poor kindly, and help them when we can. Do you know who said that we always have the poor with us?

SANTA CLAUS.

A health to good old Santa Claus,
  And to his reindeer bold,
Whose hoofs are shod with eider-down,
  Whose horns are tipped with gold.

He comes from utmost fairy-land
  Across the wintry snows;
He makes the fir-tree and the spruce
  To blossom like the rose.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.



THE BROWN BEAR.

The Brown Bear lives in the woods. He is a good climber, and likes to make his home in a hollow tree.

He is very fond of wild fruits, of which he finds plenty in the forest. He is also fond of honey, and robs the hives of the wild bees. The wild bees make their hives in hollow trees, and the brown bear finds them out by the smell of the honey.

When he finds a hive, he climbs the tree, and for hours and hours he gnaws the bark and the wood, till he makes a hole large enough to let his paw in.

Then, in spite of the stings of the bees, he thrusts in his paw, and scoops out lumps of the comb with

the honey in it. Nor does he stop till he has robbed the poor bees of all their store.

When winter comes, the bear creeps into a hole or cave under the thick trees. There he makes for himself a bed of leaves and twigs; and when the snow comes it covers him, and he lies snugly hid beneath it. He closes his eyes, and sleeps during the rest of the winter.

In spring he wakens up again, and begins once more to roam about the woods.

Men go to the forest to hunt the bear. They wish to get his skin to make coats, and sleigh-robes, and muffs. They also eat his flesh, and make oil from his fat.

WRITE:—

climb-er	*hon-ey*	*un-der*	*clos-es*
ho!-low	*e-nough*	*cov-ers*	*dur-ing*
plen-ty	*him-self*	*snug-ly*	*wak-ens*
for-est	*win-ter*	*be-neath*	*be-gins*

TO A CHILD.

Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.

LONGFELLOW.

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson were said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me, quick, where your noses are."
At this all the kittens sniffed the air,
As though it were filled with perfume rare.

"Now, what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then came the answer clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd!

"Very well! 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone.
Now what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—
When they tease and pull?" Each kitten looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough!

"And where are your claws? Look, look, my dear—
(As she took up a paw)—see! they're hidden here!"
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they never should need
To use such weapons—oh no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "pshaw!"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, sp–it! as hard as you can!" she said;
But every kitten hung down its head.
"*Sp–it!* I say," cried the mother-cat.
But they said, "O mamma, we can't do that!"

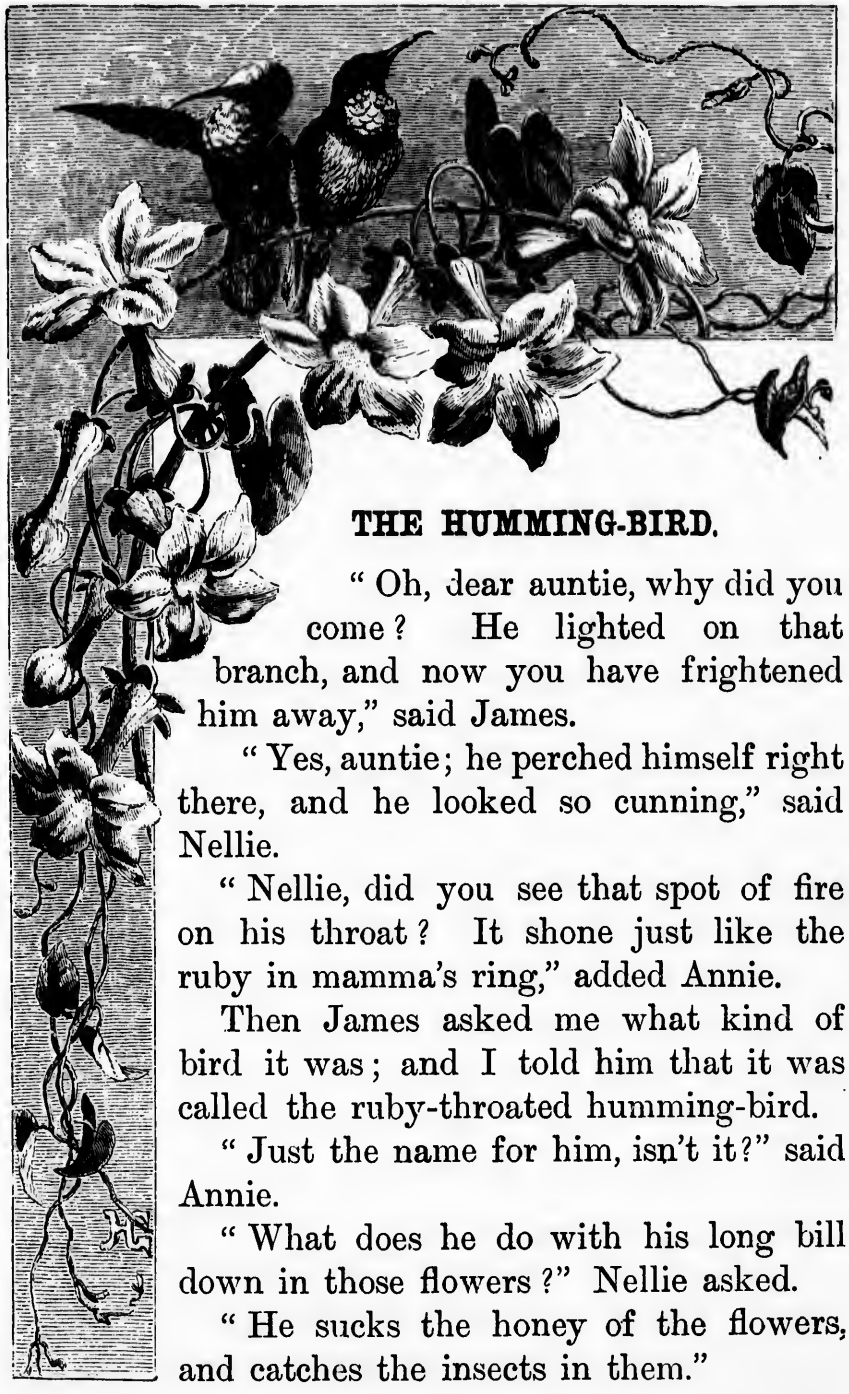
"Then go and play," said the fond mamma—
"What sweet little darlings kittens are!
Ah, well, I was once the same, I suppose;"
And she looked very wise, and rubbed her nose.

STORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

A long while ago I lived with my countless sisters in the great ocean, in peace and unity. We had all

sorts of pastimes: sometimes we mounted up high into the air, and peeped at the stars; then we sank plump down deep below, and looked how the coral-builders work till they are tired, that they may reach the light of day at last. But I was conceited, and thought myself much better than my sisters. And so, one day, when the sun rose out of the sea, I clung fast to one of his hot beams, and thought that now I should reach the stars, and become one of them. But I had not ascended far, when the sunbeam shook me off, and, in spite of all I could say or do, let me fall into a dark cloud. And soon a flash of fire darted through the cloud, and now I thought I must surely die; but the whole cloud laid itself softly upon the top of a mountain, and so I escaped with my fright and a black eye. Now I thought I should remain hidden, when all of a sudden I slipped over a round pebble, fell from one stone to another down into the depths of the mountain, till at last it was pitch dark, and I could neither see nor hear anything. Then I found, indeed, that "pride goeth before a fall," and gave myself up to my fate; and as I had already laid aside all my foolish pride in the cloud, my portion was now the salt of humility. After being many times cleansed by the hidden virtues of metals and minerals, I was at length allowed to come up once more into the free, cheerful air; and now will I run back to my sisters, and there wait patiently till I am called to something better.

From the German of CAROVE.



THE HUMMING-BIRD.

"Oh, dear auntie, why did you come? He lighted on that branch, and now you have frightened him away," said James.

"Yes, auntie; he perched himself right there, and he looked so cunning," said Nellie.

"Nellie, did you see that spot of fire on his throat? It shone just like the ruby in mamma's ring," added Annie.

Then James asked me what kind of bird it was; and I told him that it was called the ruby-throated humming-bird.

"Just the name for him, isn't it?" said Annie.

"What does he do with his long bill down in those flowers?" Nellie asked.

"He sucks the honey of the flowers, and catches the insects in them."

"Does he catch them with his bill?"

"He runs out his long tongue; it is forked at the end, and the insects stick to it."

So they chatted with me about the little humming-bird with dazzling green plumage and ruby throat.

The next day, James came running into the house calling, "I've found its nest! I've found its nest!"

"Whose nest? what nest?" we asked.

As soon as he could get his breath he told us that he meant the humming-bird's nest. Sure enough! it was in the back part of the garden. It was a tiny round nest, lined with soft cotton from plants, and covered on the outside with gray lichens.* The mother bird had laid two eggs about the size of peas. She was not so gay as her mate, for she did not fasten her green dress together with a ruby pin at her throat.

The children were very happy over their new-found treasure, and promised me that they would not go to see it unless I was with them.

James did not keep his promise, but went into the garden; and in reaching up to look into the nest he broke the limb. The limb and the nest came down, and the little eggs rolled out and were broken.

It was too bad that our little bird's home was spoiled; but James felt so grieved that I could not blame him. He asked again and again to be forgiven, and told Annie and Nellie of his broken promise.

* Pronounce, *lī-kens.*

They felt distressed, too; but Annie put her arm around his neck and sweetly said, "James will not do so again; will he, auntie?"

WRITE:—

cov-ered	*breath-less*	*daz-zling*
li-chens	*si-lence*	*doc-tor*
prom-ise	*treas-ure*	*bus-y*
fast-en	*plu-mage*	*ru-by*
un-less	*vis-it-ors*	*cun-ning*
spoiled	*chat-ted*	*reach-ing*

THE CHILD'S FRIENDS.

There was once a child who lived in a little hut; and in the hut there was nothing but a little bed, and a looking-glass which hung in a dark corner. Now the child cared nothing at all about the looking-glass; but as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly through the casement and kissed his sweet eyelids, and the finch and the linnet awoke him merrily with their morning songs, he arose and went out into the green meadow. And he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercup; he shook dewdrops from the cowslip into the cup of a harebell; spread out a large lime-leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, oftener a gay butterfly, to partake of his feast; but his favorite guest was the blue dragon-fly.

From the German of CAROVE.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
  To get her poor dog a bone:
But when she went there
The cupboard was bare,
  And so the poor dog got none.

She went to the baker's
  To buy him some bread:
But when she came back
  The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
  To buy him a coffin:
But when she came back
  The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
  To get him some tripe:
But when she came back
  He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat:
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat:
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes:
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose:
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow:
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

This wonderful dog
Was dame Hubbard's delight:
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,
Whenever he fed;
And built him a tomb-stone,
When he was dead.

THE CHIME OF THE HAREBELLS.

The dragon-fly flew up to a harebell who stood near, and whispered in her ear that the lord and king of all the flowers—meaning a child—was in the wood, and ought to be received and welcomed as beseemed his dignity. Forthwith that harebell began to ring her sweet bells with all her might; and when her neighbor heard the sound, she rang hers also; and soon all the harebells, great and small, were in motion, and rang as if it had been for the marriage of mother Earth herself with the prince of the Sun. The tone of the *blue* bells was deep and rich; and that of the *white*, high and clear; and all blended together in delicious harmony. But the birds were fast asleep in their high nests; and the ears of the other animals were not delicate enough, or were too much overgrown with hair, to hear them. The fire-flies alone heard the joyous peal; for they were akin to the flowers through their common ancestor, light. They inquired of their nearest relation, the lily of the valley; and from her they heard that a large flower —meaning the child—had just passed along the footpath, more blooming than the loveliest rose, and with two stars—his eyes—more brilliant than those of the brightest fire-fly, and that he must needs be their king. The child was delighted with the merry and silvery tones of the bells, and with the many little bright-eyed companions around him, and with the deep red strawberries which bowed down their heads to his touch.

From the German of CAROVE.

THE CAPTIVE.

One morning Willie was out in the fields near his father's house, when he happened to see in a hedge what looked like a bundle of dry grass. Carefully making his way to it, he found it was a linnet's nest. In the nest there were three pretty little birds.

Willie had often thought how nice it would be to have a bird in a cage; and so taking one of the linnets out of the nest, he started home in high glee. Sitting on the door-step was his sister Minnie. To her he at once showed his prize. Now let me tell you what this good little girl said about the captive bird.

"Wherefore would you take the linnet
From his little nest?
Blithe and merry he was in it,
Happy, and at rest:

Why should he a prisoner be?—
Set the little captive free!

"Think, if some rude giant tore us
From our cottage here,
To a grated prison bore us
Far from all so dear:
Oh, how sad our hearts would be,—
Set the little captive free!

"Life is sweet to him, when springing
Light from spray to spray;
Life is sweet to him, when singing
In the budding May:
Shall his short life saddened be?—
Set the little captive free!"

So the gentle Minnie pleaded
For the fluttering bird;
Not another prayer was needed,
Not another word:
Kind was Willie's heart, for he
Set the little captive free!

WRITE:—

morn-ing	*Min-nie*	*grat-ed*
fields	*thought*	*bud-ding*
hap-pened	*mer-ry*	*spring-ing*
bun-dle	*pris-on*	*sing-ing*
care-ful-ly	*pris-on-er*	*sad-dened*
lin-net	*hap-py*	*flut-ter-ing*
Wil-lie	*cot-tage*	*cup-board*

CHARLIE'S PINK.

"This wind cuts right through a fellow," said Charlie Palmer to his brother as they stepped from the cars.

"Yes; and I'm glad we've only a few steps more to go," replied Nat, as he hurried to the door of the depôt.

"Stop half a second, Nat!" exclaimed Charlie as he waited a moment.

"Come along! What are you waiting for?" said Nat, sharply.

"I thought I heard a child's—Why, Nat!" cried Charlie, suddenly, "here's a child in the corner here;" and he dropped his bundle, and was bending kindly over a little girl, before Nat could say a word in reply.

"Sis," said Charlie, softly, and the brown eyes opened slowly, "what are you here for?"

"I runned off—I's goin' to stay here;" and she turned her head away.

"What's your name?" asked Nat, who had also come near.

"Pinky."

"Pinky? That's a funny name. What else is it?" asked Charlie, gently, as he put his hand on her shoulder.

"I'm Pinky!" she exclaimed, earnestly.

"Charlie, you'd better take your Pink home. Just tuck her under your coat and come along. We shall freeze here," said Nat, laughing.

"You needn't laugh. I shan't leave her here all alone. I'll see if Mr. Newcomb knows anything about her;" and he hurried away.

"He knows nothing, and everybody has gone," said Charlie, running back.

"What'll mother say if you carry her home?" asked Nat.

"Say? She'll say I did only what was right, of course. I know mother," was Charlie's answer, as he stooped over the little girl.

"Come, Pinky, go home with me," said Charlie, trying to lift her up.

She hung back till she had taken one good, long look at the pleasant face above her; then she held up her arms, saying, "You keep Pinky?"

"Yes, I'll take care of you," replied Charlie, taking her up in his arms, and wrapping his coat about her as well as he could.

"O mother," cried Nat, as he opened the door, "Charlie's got the queerest flower you ever saw;" and he stepped aside to let Charlie enter.

After his mother had heard the story, she took the child in her arms, saying, "We'll keep Pinky till her friends come for her. She got lost, I suppose, when the people were hurrying from the depôt."

But no one came to claim her; and Charlie's Pink, as she was called for a long time, became his adopted sister.

WRITE:—

ex-claimed | sud-den-ly | ear-nest-ly

GRATITUDE.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
  How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
  For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
  Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
  Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
  Half naked I behold!

While I am clothed from head to foot,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

WATTS.

POOR WILL.

"Oh dear, if I could only run and play, I shouldn't care," thinks poor Will as he sits watching the boys on their way to school.

Poor Will is a cripple. He cannot walk a step without the aid of his two crutches. And it is very hard to sit still nearly all day, when he wants so much to run and play.

He is a good scholar, even if he has never attended school. His mother teaches him at home; and she takes a great deal of pains, for she knows he will enjoy his books very much when he can read them well.

But Will has one little comforter which he has entirely forgotten now. His little sister Minnie loves him dearly, and cheers him with her bright, pretty ways, much more than he thinks.

As he sits by the door now, feeling sad and un-

pleasant, she comes softly to his side, and then suddenly springs upon the seat, saying,—

"Oh, my dear little Will!" and she puts her arms about his neck and kisses him. "Minnie's come to 'muse you now. Minnie wants to see her poor little Will laugh."

She stoops down and looks into his face so queerly that he laughs in spite of himself.

This makes her clap her hands and try to amuse him still more.

"What'll I do next, little Will? Does you know what'll make you laugh hard?"

She looks into his face so roguishly that he cannot wait for her to do more, but laughs loud and long enough to suit even Minnie.

"Does you feel better now?" she asks.

"Yes, little sunshine, ever so much. You are a 'dear darling,' as papa says."

Should you rather be in Dick's place, and go down into the deep, dark mine, than in poor, crippled Will's?

Dick often wishes he could stay in the bright sunshine; but his father is poor, and he must earn what he can.

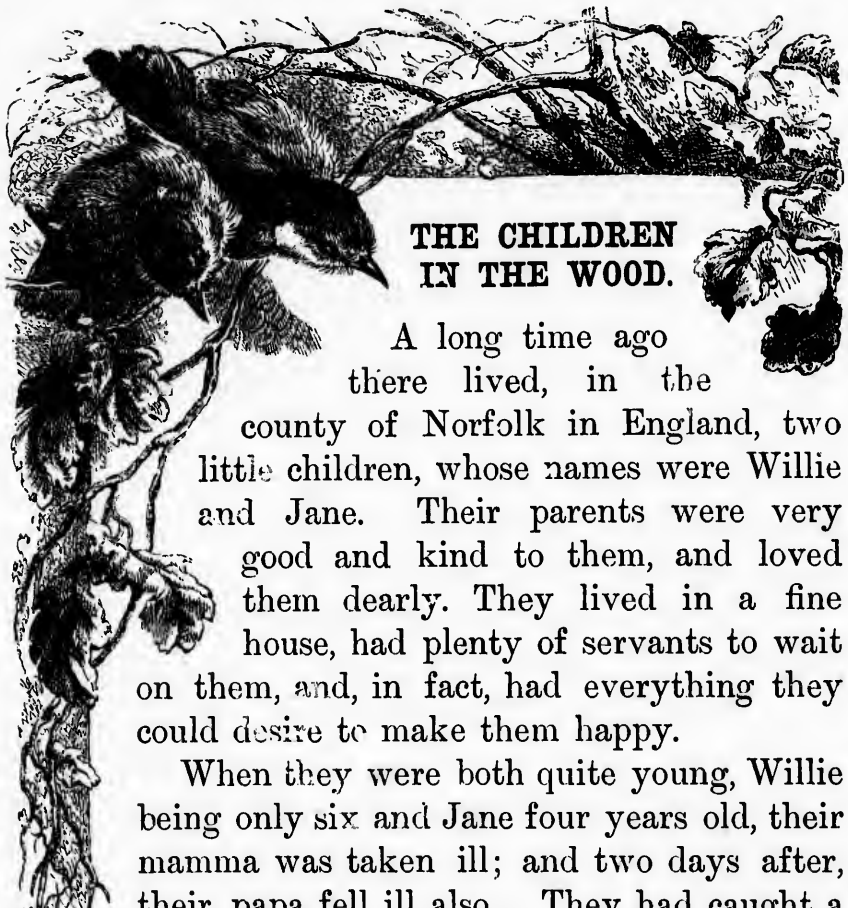
Poor Will has many blessings for which the little miner would be very thankful.

LITTLE GRUMBLERS.

As the child sat there, a little mouse rustled from among the leaves of the former year, and a lizard half glided from a crevice in the rock; and when

they saw that he meant them no harm, they took courage and came nearer to him.—"I should like to live with you," said the child to the two little creatures, in a soft, gentle voice, so that he might not frighten them. "Your houses are so snug, so warm, and yet so shaded; and the flowers grow in at your windows; and the birds sing to you their morning song, and call you to table and to bed with their clear warblings."—"Yes," said the mouse, "it would be all very well, if all the plants bore nuts and acorns, instead of those silly flowers; and if I were not obliged to grub under ground in the spring, and gnaw the bitter roots, whilst they are dressing themselves in their fine flowers, and bearing themselves proudly before the world, just as if they had endless stores of honey in their cellars."—"Hold your tongue," said the lizard pertly; "do you think, because you are gray, that other people must throw away their handsome clothes, or let them lie in the dark wardrobe under ground, and wear nothing but gray too? I am not so envious! The flowers may dress themselves as they like for me; they pay for it out of their own pockets, and they feed bees and beetles from their cups: but what I want to know is, of what use are *birds* in the world? Such a fluttering and chattering, truly, from morning early to evening late, that one is worried and stunned to death, and there is never a day's peace for them."

From the German of CAROVE.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A long time ago there lived, in the county of Norfolk in England, two little children, whose names were Willie and Jane. Their parents were very good and kind to them, and loved them dearly. They lived in a fine house, had plenty of servants to wait on them, and, in fact, had everything they could desire to make them happy.

When they were both quite young, Willie being only six and Jane four years old, their mamma was taken ill; and two days after, their papa fell ill also. They had caught a dreadful fever which was raging at that time, and the doctors said that there was no hope for them. It would not have grieved the parents to have died and left all their riches behind them, for they had been taught to love God before all things; but they were much grieved to leave behind them their two sweet helpless children. At last, one evening, the children were called to their parents' bedside to hear their last words, and to receive their dying blessing.

It was a sad sight, and the children wept many tears, although the poor things could not know what a loss they were about to suffer. Their uncle, a brother of their mother's, was there too. Their father's will was read, by which all his riches were left to the children; but in case they died first, their uncle was then to have all. The good mother kissed her little ones, then took them by the hand, and said to her brother:—

"Brother, take these dear little children. Be good to my poor boy Willie, and to my darling Jane. They have no friends now but you. I leave them to God and to you. If you are kind to them, God will repay you; but if you neglect them, you may be sure that God will not fail to mark your neglect."

The uncle said, "My dear sister, I will take care of them as long as I live, and they shall be to me like my own children. If I do harm to these poor orphans, I pray that God may never prosper me or mine."

After these sad speeches, the parents kissed their dear children again, and as they pressed their cold lips to the warm rosy lips of their little ones, they said gently, "God bless our little Willie—God bless our darling Jane;" and soon after God took the parents to himself.

As soon as the remains of their dear parents were laid in the grave, their uncle took the children to his own home. For a while he was very kind to them, and did everything he could to please and amuse them. But he was a wicked man, and soon forgot

all that he had said to his dying sister; for he thought how all their riches might be his, if the poor little ones were only dead. He soon found out two bad men, who would do anything for money; and he agreed with them to take the little orphans away into a lonely wood, and there to kill them, where no one could hear their cries. So this wicked uncle went home and told a lie to his wife, who loved the little ones. He said that a friend in London, who had lost his own children, wanted to take Willie and Jane to live with him, as he was so lonely. His wife, not knowing that this was a lie, agreed to let the children go, as she had some of her own, who needed all her care.

Next morning, a coach drove up to the door of their uncle's house, and the dear orphans, thinking they were going to London, kissed their aunt and uncle, and got into the coach with one of the bad men who had agreed with their uncle, while the other got up on the box to drive.

The man who rode inside the coach tried to amuse them with all sorts of prattle, for he had two little babes of his own about the same age. They chatted to him about London and all the pretty sights they were to see, and were so good that their pretty speeches melted his hard heart, and he began to repent that he had ever agreed to harm such sweet little darlings.

At last they came to the wood where the wicked deed was to be done, and the man who drove got down, and told the man Walter, who rode inside, that he had better get out, and let the children have

a walk while the horses rested. The children jumped gaily out, and Walter, taking a hand of each in his own, led them along a pretty path into the wood. There they played about, and picked the pretty flowers and the nice berries, and chased the gaudy butterflies, until they were tired, and all sat down to rest on a mossy bank. Walter was seated, full of painful thoughts, when Roland, the other bad man, came up, and bade him take the girl while he took the boy.

But Walter said, "Let us rather think what we are about to do, and do not let us be so wicked, but let us take the poor little ones home to some of our friends."

At this Roland got into a dreadful rage, and said that he would have his share of the money if Walter would not, and called him a coward, to be afraid of a child. With that he tried to seize Willie; but Walter drew his sword and stood before the child, and the two men began to fight, while the two timid children clung to each other, not knowing what it meant. At last Roland was killed; and as he fell dead, Walter turned to the children, and told them how that wicked man had wanted to kill them.

At this they cried; but Walter told them not to fear now, and he led them away further into the wood. The poor things began to feel very hungry and tired; but Walter had nothing to give them, and was much puzzled to know what to do with them. So they walked on and on till they saw a church-spire and heard the bells, although they were still far away from them. Then Walter told the children

to rest while he went to get them some food; and he went off to the town, but never came back to the little darlings. They played about, and watched the fishes in the brook; they picked the pretty flowers, and ate the berries; but although they looked and looked, yet no Walter could be seen. Their clothes were torn by the thorns, and their faces were smeared with crying and with the berries: surely no such lonely, sad little things were ever seen. They held fast to each other, for it began to grow dark and cold. They had no house to go to now, no nice warm bed to creep into, and no supper to eat, and they were so cold and tired and hungry. They heard the bells ringing far away; and, as they used to do at home, they knelt down on the grass, and put their tiny hands together to pray to God. And God heard them too; for he soon took them away from all wicked men, and brought them to their own dear mamma and papa again.

"Let us lie down under this bush," said little Jane, "for I am so tired."

"I am very tired too," said poor Willie, "and so cold. We will lie down close together until Walter comes with the food."

So they lay down under the bush, and Jane put her arms round Willie, and the little orphans cried themselves to sleep.

The night was cold, and the wind was bleak, and their blood was so chilled that the little darlings died; and God took them as little angels up to heaven, away from all wicked things.

Two days afterwards a forest ranger was going

through the wood, and saw the robins flying to and fro, and carrying leaves to what he thought must be their nest. Coming nearer, he saw the sweet babes clasped in each other's arms, and nearly covered

with the softest leaves of the forest. Those dear kind birds, the robins, that care so tenderly for their own children, were trying to bring back the warmth to these poor darlings by covering them up from the autumn winds. But the poor children were now dead, and they no longer felt hunger or the cold night winds.

"Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till robin redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves."

Old Ballad (A.D. 1595).

THE SWING.

School is closed, and tasks are done,
Flowers are laughing in the sun;
Now the woods with music ring,
Merrily merrily goes the swing!

Swing away!—how safe it goes!—
Cheeks are glowing like the rose;
Health and joy our pastimes bring,
Merrily merrily goes the swing!

Swing away, and never fear;
Only gladness enters here;
Free from care, we'll laugh and sing;
Merrily merrily goes the swing!

NIGHT LULLABY.

The bright moon shines,
The baby whines,—
The clock strikes twelve.
It's getting too late to toil and delve.

In quiet nights
The mousie bites,—
The clock strikes one.
May naughty dreams little cradles shun!

Little Bo Beep
Is fast asleep,—
The clock strikes two.
May good girls be many, and naughty girls few!

The night wind blows,
The shrill cock crows,—

The clock strikes three.
The ship sails quietly over the sea.

The horse says "Neigh!"
He wants some hay,—
The clock strikes four.
The coach is standing before the door.

The cat says "Mew,"
The dog barks too,—
The clock strikes five.
The bees are all waking up in the hive.

The hen cackles,
The duck quackles,—
The clock strikes six.
Time to get up and pick mother some sticks.

The cook will bake
A nice little cake,—
The clock strikes seven.
Put on the pudding and boil till eleven.

You shall be fed
With milk and bread,—
The clock strikes eight.
Come! eat your breakfast, before it's too late.

From the German.

PART II.

GRANDPAPA'S DARLING.

Bread and milk are finished quite,
Kiss me now, my heart's delight!
Always first from bed to spring,
Blithe and gay, you darling thing!
Pinafore and frock so white,
Golden hair so smooth and bright;
Sunny smile and laugh so clear—
Sweetest music to my ear!

Bring your little book, and say
Hymn and lesson for to-day.
Quick, and perfect!—I declare
Every little word is there!
Teacher will be glad, I know,
When in school you say it so;
Now run off to school with pleasure—
One more kiss, my little treasure!

A. M. *From the German.*

ROUND THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

PART I.

"I wish everything could speak," said Jane, as the family sat at breakfast one morning. "I should like to hear everything I see tell me what it is made of, and where it comes from."

"You see the things before us," said Aunt Mary. "Now let each of us speak for some article, and in its place tell its history."

Then one said, "I will speak for the table." Another, "I for the cloth." Another, "I for the cups and saucers." Another, "I for the tea;" and so on, till all the things were named.

The first said, "I am a walnut table. The wood out of which I was made grew in one of our Canadian forests.

WALNUT TREE.

"It was cut down and sold to a cabinet-maker. Some parts of it were made into tables, some into chairs, and some into sofas. Twenty years ago your father bought me, and I have been here ever since."

"It is my turn to speak now," said the table-cloth. "I am made of linen. Linen is the fibre of the stem of the flax plant. Flax grows in Ireland, Holland, Germany, and other countries. It is a

pretty grass-like plant, with slender stalks, small leaves, and blue flowers. The threads in the stem are separated from the rest of the plant. Then they are taken to a mill, where they are combed and dressed. After that they are spun into yarn, and then they are woven into cloth."

FLAX.

"We are called china," said the cups and saucers. "We are the finest earthenware that is made. We are made of clay, powdered flint, and water. The man that makes us is called a potter.

"In England there is a part of the country where so much earthenware is made that it is called 'The Potteries.' Once we were made only in a far-off land called China: hence the name of china-ware."

CHINA.

The spoons spoke next. "We are made of silver," said they. "Silver is white and shining. It is dug out of the ground mixed with stones and earth. In that state it is called silver-ore.

"Then it is put into a furnace and melted. The pure silver separates from the rest of the ore, which is called dross. Silver is found in America and in various countries in Europe."

"We are made of steel," said the knives and forks. "Steel is a fine kind of iron. Iron is dug out of the ground, and prepared by melting in a furnace.

"Iron is found in many parts of Great Britain and America. The man who makes knives and forks is called a cutler. Sheffield, a town in Yorkshire, is famous for its cutlery."

"We are made of horn," said the handles of the knives and forks. "Some of us have been taken from the cow, and some from the buffalo."

WRITE:—

break-fast	*pow-dered*	*Hol-land*
ar-ti-cle	*fur-nace*	*Ger-man-y*

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
The North wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
The South wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
The East wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
The West wind, Bessie; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow. E. C. STEDMAN.

ROUND THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

PART II.

There was only a crust of bread left on the plate, but it spoke out quite as boldly as if it had been a four-pound loaf.

WHEAT.

"I am made of flour," it began. "Flour is made of wheat. It is grain ground to powder and sifted. The flour is mixed with water, and salt, and yeast. This forms dough, which is made into loaves, and baked in an oven."

"Being such near relations, we shall all speak together," said milk, butter, and cheese. "We come from the cow. First of all, we are milk, which is used to drink, and to put in your tea and coffee, and in various other articles of food. Sometimes milk is put into a churn, and worked about until the oily part becomes butter. Milk is also made into cheese. To curdle the milk, rennet is put into it. The curd is salted, pressed, and dried, and then it is cheese. Rennet is the stomach of a calf salted."

TEA-PLANT.

Up went the lid of the tea-pot,

and the tea-leaves said, "We are the leaves of a plant which grows in India, China, and other distant lands. The tea-plant bears a flower something like the wild rose. It has also narrow pointed leaves. We are picked off the bushes, dried, and packed in chests. Then we are sent in ships to all parts of the world. The Chinese are very fond of tea. They use large quantities. They drink it without milk and sugar."

COFFEE-PLANT.

Coffee followed its cousin tea. "I am made from the berry of an evergreen shrub which grows in Arabia, in the West Indies, and in Brazil. When ripe, the fruit of the coffee-plant is like a cherry. It contains two seeds called coffee-beans. When I am picked and dried, I am roasted, and ground into powder. Then I am ready for use."

SUGAR-CANE.

"I am the juice of the sugar-cane," said the sugar. "I grow in hot

countries, both in the East and in the West Indies.

"To get the juice, the cane is crushed between rollers. After that it is boiled and strained. The liquid drawn off is called molasses or sirup. The raw sugar is taken and refined; and some of it is made, like me, into lump-sugar."

"I came out of a well at Goderich," said the salt. "Sometimes salt is made from sea-water. There are very large salt-wells in Canada and in the United States."

Here the stories told round the breakfast-table ended; and the young folk went off in search of other amusements.

I'D BE A FAIRY KING.

At night, when the moon spake down,
With her bland and pensive tone,
The fairest queen
That ever was seen
Would sit on my pearly throne;
And we'd lead such a merry, merry life,
That the stars would laugh in showers
Of silver light
All the summer night
To the airs of the passing hours.
I'd be a fairy king,
With my vassals brave and bold;
We'd hunt all day
Through the wild wood gay,
In our guise of green and gold.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

PUSSY CAT.

Pussy cat lives in the servants' hall;
She can set up her back and purr:
The little mice live in a crack in the wall;
But they hardly dare venture to stir.

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy cat says, "Come out if you dare;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The pussy cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak!" said the little mouse; "Squeak, squeak, squeak!"
Said all the young ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we are afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall:

"If the little mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

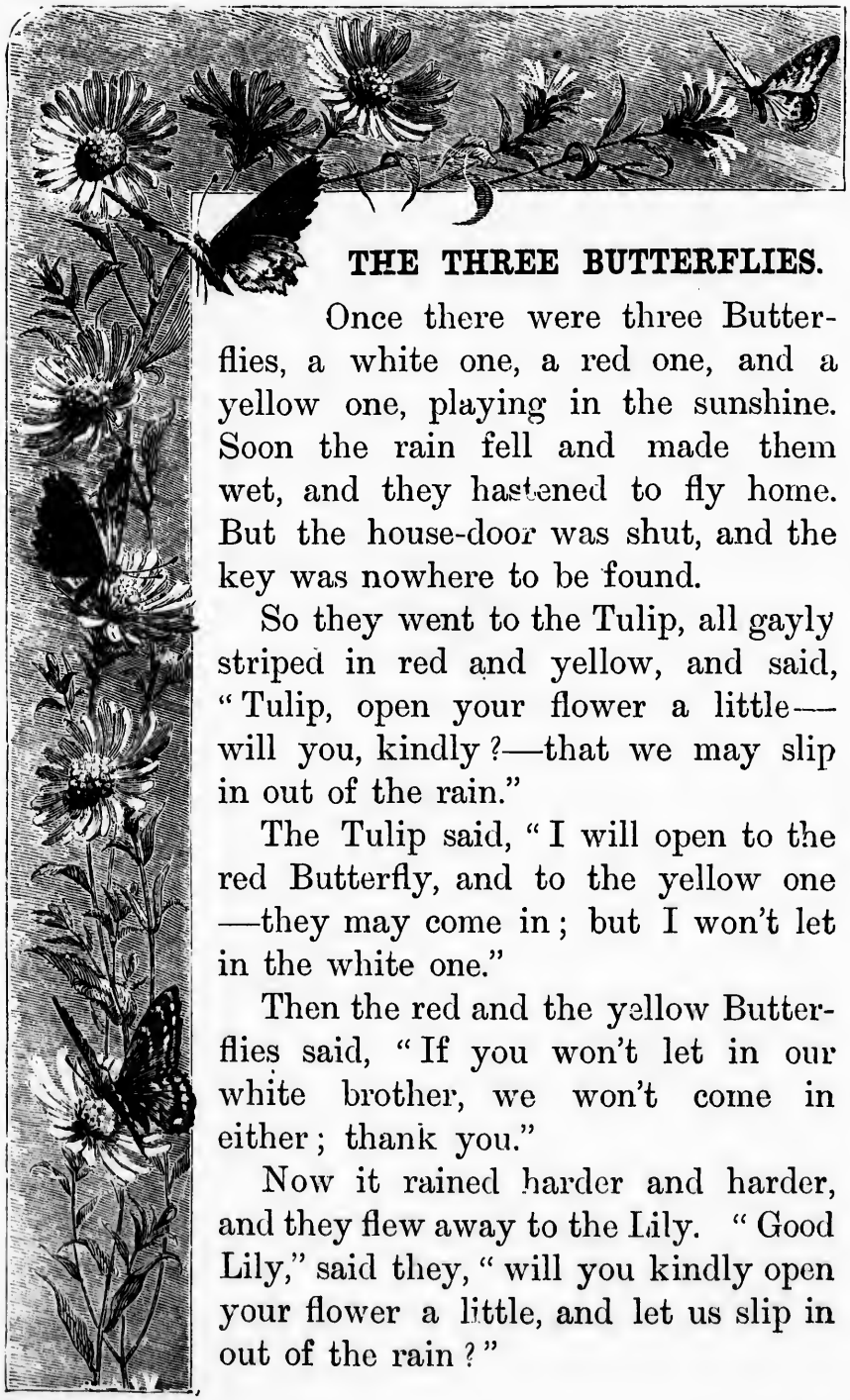
"Squeak!" said the little mouse; "we'll creep out,
And eat some Cheshire cheese:
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went the little mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from her mat,
And caught them all with her claws!

A HOT SUMMER'S DAY.

Beside a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling brook the cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,
Comes here to refresh, as she often has done,
And standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Is musing, perhaps; or perhaps she may dream.



THE THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Once there were three Butterflies, a white one, a red one, and a yellow one, playing in the sunshine. Soon the rain fell and made them wet, and they hastened to fly home. But the house-door was shut, and the key was nowhere to be found.

So they went to the Tulip, all gayly striped in red and yellow, and said, "Tulip, open your flower a little—will you, kindly?—that we may slip in out of the rain."

The Tulip said, "I will open to the red Butterfly, and to the yellow one—they may come in; but I won't let in the white one."

Then the red and the yellow Butterflies said, "If you won't let in our white brother, we won't come in either; thank you."

Now it rained harder and harder, and they flew away to the Lily. "Good Lily," said they, "will you kindly open your flower a little, and let us slip in out of the rain?"

Then the Lily said, "I shall be glad to let in the white one, for he looks like myself; but I won't let in the other two."

Then the white Butterfly said, "If my two brothers cannot come in, I will not come either; thank you."

And so they all flew away together. Now, the Sun behind the clouds had heard how the Butterflies were true to each other, and he shone out again, bright and clear, and dried the wings of the three Butterflies.

They danced once more over the flowers, and played till it was night, and then went home. And there was the door wide open! The last sunbeam had opened it for them. In they flew, and went to bed.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell:
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peeped into the shell—
"What are they dreaming of?"—
"Who can tell?"

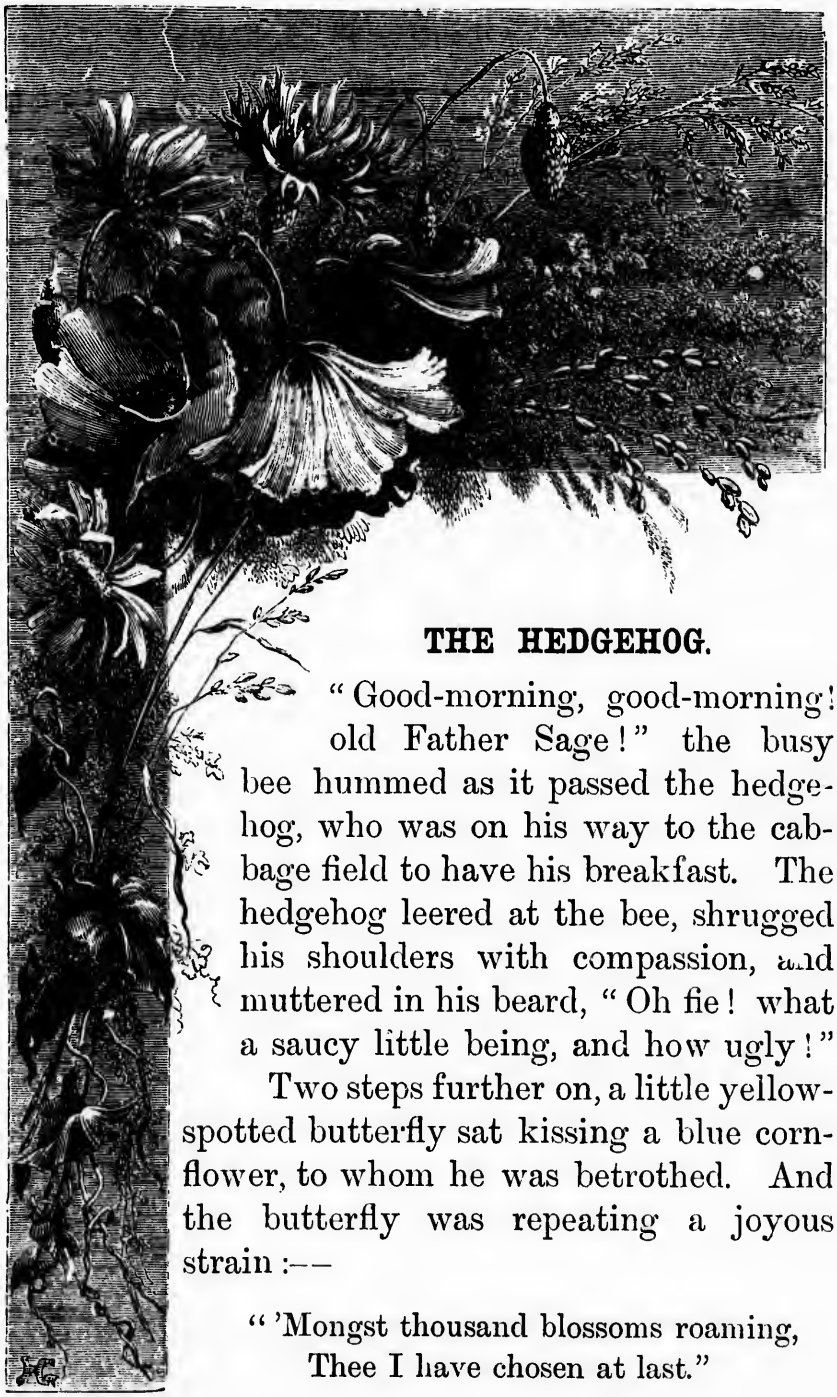
Started a green linnet
Out of the croft:
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

TENNYSON.

TELL ME, LITTLE BUTTERFLY.

"Tell me, little butterfly,
What you see there in the sky?
Would it always be as blue
If I went as high as you?
Tell me, do you ever go
Where the wind begins to blow,
Where the rain is kept, and where
Snow is made, and angels are?
Is it very strange to be
Up away so far from me?"

"Little girl, I never go
Where the wind begins to blow,
Where the rain is kept, and where
Snow is made, and angels are;
And however far I fly
Up away from you, the sky
Always looks as high and blue
As 'tis looking now to you."



THE HEDGEHOG.

"Good-morning, good-morning! old Father Sage!" the busy bee hummed as it passed the hedgehog, who was on his way to the cabbage field to have his breakfast. The hedgehog leered at the bee, shrugged his shoulders with compassion, and muttered in his beard, "Oh fie! what a saucy little being, and how ugly!"

Two steps further on, a little yellow-spotted butterfly sat kissing a blue cornflower, to whom he was betrothed. And the butterfly was repeating a joyous strain:—

"'Mongst thousand blossoms roaming,
Thee I have chosen at last."

The blue corn-flower whispered,—

"And I will be true unto death."

The hedgehog first intended to pass them, but he could not refrain from stopping, and saying to the butterfly, "Oh fie! what a stupid thing you are! When any one is as ugly as you are, he ought not to flatter himself that he is admired."

The hedgehog raised himself with an air of self-satisfaction, and wanted himself to kiss the blue corn-flower; but the flower turned itself away, and trembled on its stem with fear.

"Oh fie! do you think that I really wanted to kiss your pale blue lips!" the hedgehog called out, angrily, "such a hypocrite as you, and so ugly!"

And the hedgehog bit off the flowery stem close to the root, and the blue corn-flower fell down and breathed her last, with a sigh.

"Served you right!" the hedgehog said, and continued his way to the cabbage garden, which was situated between two ranges of gooseberry bushes, near a large birch tree.

High up in this tall tree two thrushes were sitting singing a duet, and in the bushes all around sat the sparrows and listened.

"Queeveevit!" the one thrush sang; "Veeveequit!" the other trilled, and it blended delightfully.

"Oh fie! the wretched birds will kill me with their stupid songs!" snarled the hedgehog, and then he himself began to sing; "for," he thought, "they will at least keep quiet while they are listening to me."

But the hedgehog had scarcely begun his song

before thrushes, sparrows, and all the tiny creatures amongst the grass scampered off; for anything so dreadful as the song of the hedgehog no one ever had heard before.

"'Tis only envy," the hedgehog muttered to himself, and sang his song all through; after which he began feasting heartily. When he had gorged himself enough, he went down to the brook to drink: but when he looked down into the water, his eyes lit upon an image so fearfully ugly, that he grinned at it; but then the effigy in the water grinned even worse.

"Oh fie! that is the ugliest thing I ever saw!" the hedgehog exclaimed, and he actually spit with disgust at it; but then the ugly image did the same.

"You horrible, ugly beast!" the hedgehog growled in a rage. "If only I knew who you were, I would—"

"It is yourself, your own image," hummed the bee, who just then flew across the brook. The hedgehog trembled all over at these words; and when he saw that the image on the water trembled likewise, then he knew that the bee had spoken the truth. In his fright he lost his balance and his sense, and tumbled into the brook and was drowned.

From the Swedish of GUSTAFSSON.

BE GOOD, AND DO GOOD.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not *dream* them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–1875).

THE HEDGEHOG.

Thou poor little timid porcupine,
What a harassed and weary life is thine!
And thou art a creature meek and mild,
That wouldst not harm a sleeping child.

Thou scarce canst stir from thy tree-root,
But thy foes are up in hot pursuit;
Thou mightst be an asp, or hornëd snake,
Thou poor little martyr of the brake!

Thou scarce canst put out that nose of thine,
Thou canst not show a single spine,
But the urchin-rabble are in a rout,
With terrier curs to hunt thee out.

Poor old beast! one would think he knew
His foes so many, his friends so few;

For when he comes out, he's in a fright,
And hurries back to be out of sight.

How unkind the world must seem to him,
Living under the thicket dusk and dim;
And finding his food of dry hedge-fruits,
And insects small amongst the roots!

How hard it must be to be kicked about,
If by chance his prickly back peeps out;
To be all his days misunderstood,
When he *could* not harm us if he *would!*

He's an innocent thing living under the blame,
That he merits not, of an evil name;
He is weak and small,—and all he needs
Lies under the hedge amongst the weeds.

He robs not man of rest or food,
And all that he asks is quietude;
To be left by him as a worthless stone,
Under the dry hedge-bank alone!

Poor little timid porcupine,
What a troubled and weary life is thine!
I would that my pity thy foes could quell,
For thou art ill-used, and meanest well!

MARY HOWITT.

THE LITTLE CONQUEROR.

"Oh, dear!" said little Edward, "I never shall be able to learn this long lesson; it is so hard! I think I must give it up!"

"Give it up?" said his mother. "Never let it be said that a lesson which thousands of children have learned has conquered *you*."

"Well, mother," said Edward, "I have read this lesson over more than *twenty times* in the last hour, and still I cannot repeat it."

"And yet," said his mother, "you have not tried one *half* so many times as the little ant did to get a grain of corn into his cell."

"Why, mother," said Edward, "how many times did *he* try? Please tell me the story."

"The story is this," said his mother: "Timour, a great warrior, was several times defeated by his enemies, and he had to flee from them, and hide in an old building.

"He was very much cast down by his defeat, and he almost resolved that he would never try to conquer them again.

"One day he saw a little ant trying to get a grain of corn into his cell, which was high up on a wall. As he was just about to reach it his strength failed, and he fell to the floor.

"But the little ant did not give up. He seized hold of the grain of corn and tried again; and he fell to the floor a second time.

"Thus he went on trying for *sixty-nine* times,

but as often he fell to the floor. The *seventieth* time he reached the cell with his prize!

"The conduct of the ant gave Timour courage to try again to conquer his enemies; and he was successful."

"Well done, little ant!" exclaimed Edward. "I will do by my lesson as the ant did by the grain of corn: I will not give it up: I will *conquer* it."

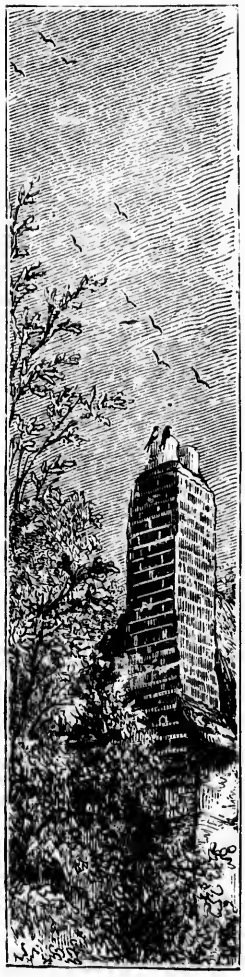
With another effort he learned his lesson thoroughly. And seldom after that did Edward fail to conquer his lessons.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again:
All that other boys can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try again.

WRITE:—

Ed-ward	*war-ri-or*	*sev-en-ti-eth*
les-son	*sev-er-al*	*cour-age*
thou-sands	*Ti-mour*	*suc-ceed*
learned	*en-e-mies*	*suc-cess-ful*



THE BOY'S WISH.

I would I were a little bird!
Then gaily I would soar away;
From place to place I'd fly so quick,
And crumbs and berries I would pick,
And happy be, the livelong day.

Oh, that I were a little bird!
To please myself I'd then be free;
No tasks or books would me concern,
No tiresome lessons I would learn,
But fly about at liberty.

Yet, if I were a little bird,
I know not if I'd happier be:
Our present lot, my parents say,
Is better for us, every way,
Than one of our own choice could be.

So now I am a little child,
Then let me try to be content;
My duty let me strive to do,
And, with a thankful heart and true,
Accept the blessings Heaven has sent.

BEAUTIFUL WATER.

Beautiful water, so fresh and so free!
God gave it to you and he gave it to me:
To him we give thanks that, wherever we go,
He made the clear water so freely to flow.

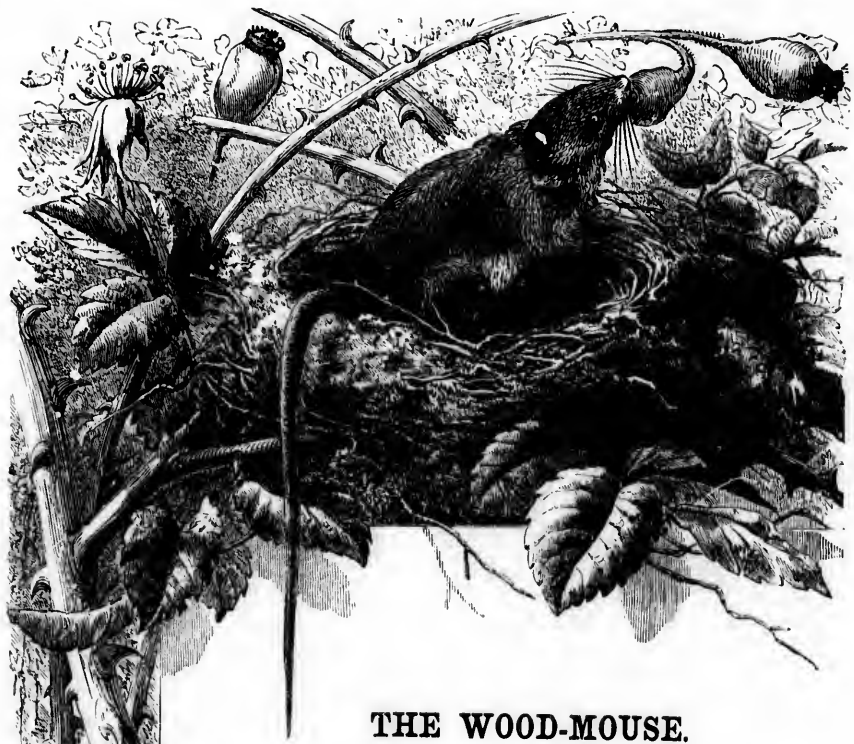
SUSY AND HER TEA-PARTY.

When they came in from their walk Freddy was awake, and Susy said it was time for her party to begin. You will wonder whom she expected to see at this party, so I must tell you at once that nobody had been invited but Freddy and all the dolls!

And a funny little party they made, I can tell you. Susy set out her table, and a cup and saucer for each one; also a plate and spoon for each. Then her mamma filled the little tea-pot with "milk-tea," as Susy called it, and gave her some sponge-cakes, and a few sugar-plums, and an orange nicely cut; and then they all sat down to the feast, Susy and her new doll on one side, and Freddy and Peggy and old black Dinah on the other. Freddy was a dear little boy. He did not pull the cups about, or snatch the cake; he sat very still, and opened his mouth now and then when Susy offered him a little tea or a crumb of cake. The dollies, too, were very good. They did not fall over upon their faces, as some ill-bred dollies do, nor slip down from their chairs, nor push each other. They sat as still as mice, and behaved far better than mice would have done. Susy thought her party a very nice one; and I think her papa and mamma did so too, for I saw them peeping in at the nursery door, laughing and rejoicing.

Susy was a very busy little girl. She was always at work upon something, as if she felt afraid she should not get out of each day all the fun there was in it. So as soon as she had eaten up all there was on the table (with the help of mamma and nurse), she began to play again. She made a great yard with a fence round it—the fence was made of blocks—and put her animals into the yard. Her papa sat down on the floor, and helped her to make it, and showed her how to drive her cattle in.

Susy's Six Birthdays.



THE WOOD-MOUSE.

1. Do you know the little wood-mouse,
   That pretty little thing,
   That sits amongst the forest leaves,
   Beside the forest spring?

2. Its fur is red as the chestnut,
   And it is small and slim;
   It leads a life most innocent
   Within the forest dim.

3. 'Tis a timid, gentle creature,
   And seldom comes in sight;
   It has a long and wiry tail,
   And eyes both black and bright.

4. It makes its nest of soft dry moss,
In a hole so deep and strong;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

5. And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And waketh to its summer life
When nightingales are singing.

6. Upon the boughs the squirrel sits,
The wood-mouse plays below;
And plenty of food it finds itself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

7. In the hedge-sparrow's nest it sits,
When the summer brood is fled,
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

8. I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon* in his hall,
With the green green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

9. I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest-tree—
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.

10. I wish you could have seen him there;
It did my spirit good,

* Oberon and Titania were king and queen of the fairies.

To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

11. I saw that He regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!

MRS. HOWITT.

THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

1. I'll rove the wide heath, far and near,
Of mushrooms fine in quest:
But you remain, kind mother, here;
Lie still and take your rest,
Though we're with poverty oppressed.

2. No toadstool in my basket's found;
My mushrooms when I sell,
I'll buy some bread: our labors crowned,
Then let our neighbors tell
That you and I live wondrous well.

A. AND J. TAYLOR.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

Far away in the heart of the country, near a pretty village, there once lived a little girl. She was one of the sweetest and best children you ever saw.

Her mother loved her dearly, and her grandmother was very fond of her too. Grandma had given her darling a little hood of red velvet; and this became her so well, that every one who knew her always called her by the name of Little Red Riding-Hood.

Well, one day her mother baked a batch of cakes, and she said to Red Riding-Hood, "I hear your poor grandma has not been well lately; so I want you to go, like a good child, to see if she is any better. Take this cake and a pot of butter with you."

Little Red Riding-Hood, who was a dear, willing child, put the things into a basket with great care, and off she set. The house in which her grandma lived was on the other side of a thick wood.

On ran Little Red Riding-Hood; but, just as she came to the wood, what should she meet but a great ugly wolf! The wolf would have liked to eat her up then and there; but you must know there were

some wood-cutters hard by, and they would soon have killed him in turn.

So the wolf trotted up to the little girl, and said as softly as he could, "Good-morning, Little Red Riding-Hood."

"Good-morning, Master Wolf," said she.

"And where may you be going so early?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm going to grandma's," said Little Red Riding-Hood; for she thought there was no harm in being civil.

"Indeed! And what have you got in the basket, my pretty maid?" asked the wolf, as he sniffed and sniffed at the lid.

"Oh," said she, "only a cake and a pot of butter; for my granny is ill, you know."

"Dear me!" cried the wolf; "and where does she live, pray?"

"Down by the mill, through the wood," said she.

"Well, if that's the case," said the wolf, "I don't mind going and seeing her too. I shall go by the road, now; *you* take the path through the wood; and let us see who will be there first."

Away went the wolf, and he made all haste, as you may guess. Sure enough he stood at granny's door in a very short time.

Thump, thump went the wolf at the door.

"Who's there?" cried out grandma from within.

Then the wolf said, in a small, child-like voice, "It's only Little Red Riding-Hood; and I've brought you a cake and a pot of butter from mother."

So grandma, who was in bed, cried out, "Pull the string, my dear, and it will lift the latch."

This the great ugly wolf did, and in he went. As soon as he was in, he fell on the poor old woman, and ate her up in a trice. Next, he shut the door, put on grandma's night-cap and night-gown, and got into the bed. Then he drew the curtains quite close, and hid his head on the pillow.

There the ugly wolf lay, how merry you can't think, licking his lips, and waiting for Little Red Riding-Hood.

All this while she toddled on through the wood, here plucking a wild flower, there picking some nice berries for her grandma. Then down she sat on a mossy bank to sort her flowers, red, blue, and yellow.

In a little while a wasp came up to her. He buzzed about, and at last dropped on Red Riding-Hood's posy of flowers.

"Sip away, my poor little wasp, and take as much honey as you like," said Little Red Riding-Hood.

The wasp hummed his thanks, as he flew from flower to flower; and when he had sipped enough, away he sped.

Soon a little wren hopped up, and he began to peck with his wee bill at a berry. "Peck away, my little wren, as much as you like; only leave enough for grandma and me," said Riding-Hood.

"Tweet, tweet," said the wee wren, for "Thank you." So he ate his fill, and away he flew.

Now Little Red Riding-Hood thought it was high time for her to get on her way, so she picked up her basket and set off. Soon she came to a brook, and there she saw an old woman, bent almost double.

"What are you looking for, Goody?" said the little girl.

"For water-cresses, my pretty chick," said she; "and a poor trade it is, let me tell you."

Little Red Riding-Hood gave Goody a bit of cake, saying, "Sit down, Goody, and eat. I will pick the water-cresses for you." So the old woman sat down and ate the cake, while Riding-Hood got a heap of cresses.

"There's a dear!" said Goody. "Now, if you meet the Green Huntsman on your way, tell him there's game in the wind."

That she would; and away went Red Riding-Hood; but when she looked round, the old woman was gone.

Little Red Riding-Hood looked everywhere for the Green Huntsman, but she could not see him, until at last, just as she was passing a still pool, she met him. He was all green from top to toe, so that she could not mistake him.

"Good-morning, Master Huntsman," said Little Red Riding-Hood. "The old water-cress woman bade me tell you that there's game in the wind."

The Green Huntsman nodded, but said nothing. He bent his ear to the ground, strung his bow and fitted an arrow, while Little Red Riding-Hood toddled away, trying to think what it could all mean.

In a short time she got to her grandma's house, and she tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" cried the wolf from within, in a queer, gruff sort of voice.

"It's only your grandchild, Red Riding-Hood; and I've brought you a nice cake and a pot of fresh butter from mother."

Then said the wolf more mildly, "Pull the string, my dear, and it will lift the latch." So she did as she was bid, and in she went.

Now the wolf hid his head under the bed-clothes, and said, "Put the cake and pot of butter on the shelf, my pet, and then come and help me to get up."

Well, Little Red Riding-Hood did so; but when she came to help her grandma, and drew back the curtains, she could not make out how her grandma had got so ugly. So she said,—

"Dear me, grandma, what long arms you've got!"

"The better to hug you, my dear."

"But, grandma, what great eyes you've got!"

"The better to see you, my child."

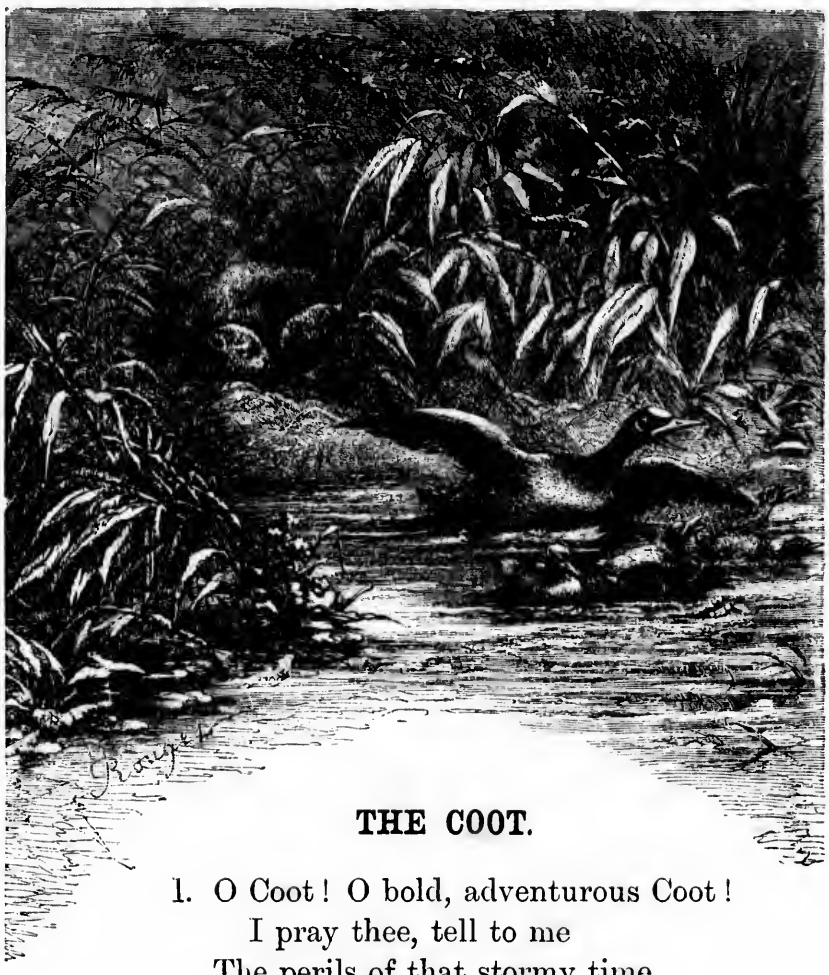
"But, grandma, what big teeth you've got!"

"The better to eat you up," said the wolf, as he got ready to make a spring on her.

But, at that moment, the wasp, who had come into the house along with Riding-Hood, stung the wolf on the nose, so that he sneezed and sneezed again.

Then the little wren, who was sitting on the window-sill, when he heard this, said, "Tweet, tweet."

And the Green Huntsman, who was outside, hearing the wren, let fly his arrow; and it struck the wolf through the heart, and killed him on the spot.

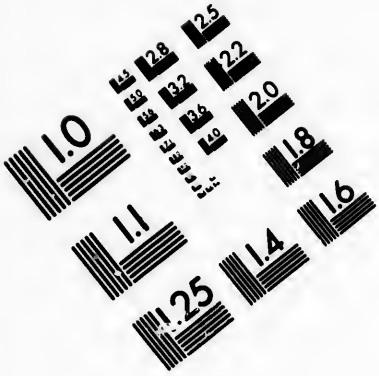


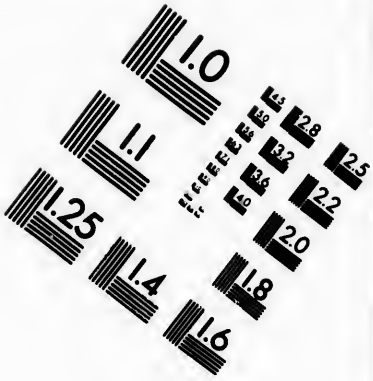
THE COOT.

1. O Coot! O bold, adventurous Coot!
   I pray thee, tell to me
   The perils of that stormy time
   That bore thee to the sea!

2. I saw thee on the river fair,
   Within thy sedgy screen;
   Around thee grew the bulrush tall,
   And reeds so strong and green.

3. The kingfisher came back again,
   To view thy fairy place;





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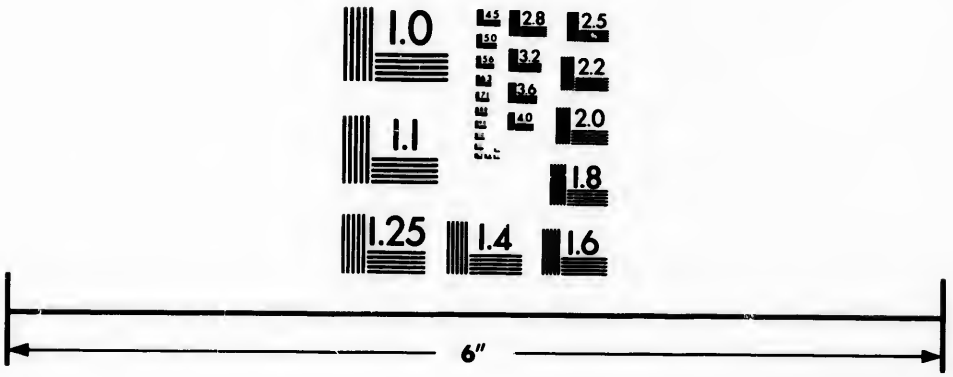

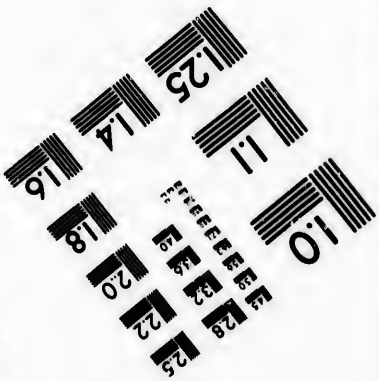

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The stately swan sailed statelier by,
As if thy home to grace.

4. But soon the mountain flood came down
And bowed the bulrush strong;
And far above those tall green reeds
The waters poured along.

5. "And where is she, the Water-Coot,"
I cried, "that creature good?"
But then I saw thee in thine ark,
Regardless of the flood.

6. Amid the foaming waves thou sat'st,
And steer'dst thy little boat,—
Thy nest of rush and water-reed,—
So bravely set afloat.

7. And on it went, and safely, on
That wild and stormy tide;
And there thou sat'st, a mother-bird,
Thy young ones at thy side.

8. O Coot! O bold, adventurous Coot!
I pray thee, tell to me
The perils of that stormy voyage
That bore thee to the sea!

9. Hadst thou no fear, as night came down
Upon thy watery way,
Of cruel foes, and dangers dire
That round about thee lay?

10. Didst thou not see the falcon grim
Swoop down as thou passed by?
And 'mongst the waving water-flags
The lurking otter lie?

11. The eagle's scream came wildly near,
Yet caused it no alarm?
Nor man, who seeing thee, weak thing,
Did strive to do thee harm?

12. And down the foaming waterfall,
As thou wast borne along,
Hadst thou no dread? O daring bird,
Thou hadst a spirit strong!

13. Yes, thou hadst fear! But He who sees
The sparrows when they fall;
He saw thee, bird! and gave thee strength
To brave thy perils all.

14. He kept thy little ark afloat;
He watched o'er thine and thee;
And safely through the foaming flood
Hath brought thee to the sea!

MRS. HOWITT.

THE LEAP AT RHODES.

A man who had been in all parts of the world, used to tell his old friends, when he returned home, of the wondrous feats he had done. These stories they at first heard with great pleasure; but after a time they found out that he shot with a long bow; nay, more than this, that he told falsehoods; and when once he did that, he set less and less guard upon his tongue, till he made those who heard him stare. "How happens it," they asked, "that this person, who, when at home, could perform no great feats, should, when he reaches strange lands, achieve such wondrous things?" One day he was telling them that there was no place in the world where men leaped like the men of Rhodes. "But I jumped further than any of them," said he, "for I took a leap there of twenty yards!" A thoughtful old man who was sitting near him, said, with a sneer, "Sir, if your story be true, suppose this place to be Rhodes, and, to prove your statement, take the leap once more." The man kept his seat and had nothing more to say.

ÆSOP'S *Fables.*

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

A very long time ago, there was a bold, rude little girl, who lived in a far-off country, and the village people called her Silverlocks, because her curly hair was so light and shiny. She was a sad romp, and so full of pranks, that her parents could never keep her quiet at home.

One day when she had been told not to go out, she trotted off into a wood, to string necklaces of blossoms, to chase the bees, and to pull wild roses; and she ran about from place to place, until at last she came to a lonely spot, where she saw a pretty-looking small house. Finding the door a little way open, and the parlor window also, she peeped in, but could see no one; and slyly she laughed to think what fine fun she would have before the good folk

came back: so she made up her mind to go boldly into the house and look about her.

Now it chanced that a family of three bears was living in this house. The first was the great papa, called Rough Bruin, from his thick, shaggy coat; the second was a smaller bear, called Mrs. Bruin, and sometimes Mammy Muff, from her soft fur; the third was a little funny brown bear, their own dear pet, called Tiny. The house was empty when little Silv[illegible]ocks found it out, because the bears had all gone out for a morning walk. Before going from home, the great bear had told Mrs. Bruin to rub down Tiny's face, and make him tidy, while he was busy brushing his own hair, that all three might have a pleasant walk in the woods, while the rich rabbit-soup, which they were to have for dinner, cooled upon the table in the parlor. When they were all ready, they went out for their walk, and they left both the door and the window a little open.

In the Bears' house there were only a parlor and a bedroom; and when that saucy puss, Silver-locks, threw open the door and went in, she found there was a pleasant smell, as if something nice had just been cooked; and on looking into the parlor, she saw three jars of steaming soup standing on the table, dinner having been got ready for the three bears by Mrs. Bruin. There was a big black jar quite full of soup for Rough Bruin, a smaller white jar of soup for Mammy Muff, and a little blue jar for Tiny; and with every jar there was a deep wooden spoon. The little girl was now as hungry as she was full of mischief, and felt quite

glad when she saw the soup-jars on the table. It did not take her long to make up her mind how to act—taste the nice-smelling soup she would, happen what might. It would, she thought, be such good fun. She would then run home again, and have a fine tale to tell old Mike the groom, one that would make him laugh till Christmas: for that silly fellow, too, liked mischief, and taught Silverlocks all sorts of foolish tricks, and laughed at all her naughty ways; which was surely not the best plan to correct her faults, and make a good child of her.

After looking outside to see that no one was coming, she began first to taste the soup in Rough Bruin's great jar; but it was so very hot with pepper that it burned her mouth and throat: then she tried Mammy Muff's jar; but the soup was too salt —there was no bread in it either, and she did not like it at all: then she tried Tiny's soup; and she found it was just to her taste, and had nice bits of white bread in it, so that she would have it and run all risks.

Now, before the little wilful child sat down to eat Master Tiny's soup, as she was tired she looked for a seat, and she saw there were three chairs in the room; one, a very large oak chair, was the great bear's seat; another, of a smaller size, with a velvet cushion, was Mrs. Bruin's chair; and a little chair with a rush bottom belonged to the little bear Tiny. These chairs Silverlocks tried all in turn. She could not sit in the very large chair, it was so hard; she did not like the smaller chair, it was too soft; but the little chair with the rush bottom, she found to

be very nice, indeed it was just the thing; and so she sat down in it with the jar upon her knees, and began to enjoy herself. She dipped and dipped again, eating away till she had eaten up all the soup in the little blue jar; not leaving one bit or drop of either bread, meat, or soup for the poor little bear, who at that very minute was begging the old folk to go home to their dinner—for indeed all three were hungry enough after their walk.

Just as Silverlocks had taken the last spoonful of soup, and had got up on the chair to put back the jar upon the table, the bottom of the chair fell out, and she tumbled on the floor; but she was not hurt, and the little mad-cap jumped up and danced round the broken chair, thinking it all fine fun. Silverlocks then began to wonder where the stairs could lead to; so up she went into the bedroom, where the bears used to sleep, and there she saw three beds side by side. Now one of these was a large bed for the big bear, there was also a smaller bed for Mrs. Bruin, and a nice little bed for Master Tiny. Being sleepy, she thought she would lie down and have a bit of a nap: so, after taking off her shoes, she first jumped on to the largest bed, but it was made so high at the top that she could not lie on it; she then tried the next bed, but that was too high at the foot; but she found the little bear's bed to be just right, so she got snugly into it. She let her cheek rest gently on the soft pillow, and watched the vine nodding in at a broken window-pane, and the blue-fly buzzing about in the fold of the curtain, till she fell fast asleep, and dreamed about the

same thing over and over again, often laughing in her sleep too, because the dream was all about her breaking the little chair.

While she was dreaming away, the bears came home very tired and hungry, and went to look after their soup. The big bear cried out, in a loud, angry voice:—

"WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?"

Mammy Muff next said, in a loud voice too, but not so gruffly as Rough Bruin:—

"WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?"

But when the little bear saw his jar lying empty on the table, he bit his paws for grief, and asked over and over again, with his shrill little voice:—

"*Who has meddled with my soup?*"

Soon after, the big bear, with a voice of thunder, said:—

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?"

And Mrs. Bruin grumbled out:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?"

But poor Tiny was more angry than either of them, and sadly sobbed as he cried:

"*Who has been sitting in my little chair—and broken it?*"

They now looked about below-stairs, feeling sure there was some one in the house; and then up-stairs they all went, snuffing and grunting in a very bad humor.

Said the great bear in a fury:

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED, AND RUMPLED IT!"

Then said Mammy Muff:

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED, AND RUMPLED IT!"

Tiny next mounted a stool, and jumped on to the foot of his own small bed. In a moment he squeaked out:

"*Some one has been on my bed—and here she is! oh, here she is!*" And he opened his mouth, and looked as fierce and as wicked as could be at Silver-locks.

The little girl had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, but the shrill, piercing tones of Tiny's voice, waked her right up; and she was startled enough to find herself nose to nose with the angry little bear; and she was still more afraid when she also saw two great bears in the room. Now, the great bear had, very well for her, opened the window. So she quickly slid off the bed and flew across the room, took one jump at the open sash, and dropped upon the turf below. She rolled over and over on coming to the ground; but up again she soon got, for, on looking at the open window, she saw the three bears staring wildly at her, and making a great noise. When the little busy-body safely reached home, she got a severe scolding for her pains. She never forgot the fright which the sight of the three bears had given her; and so she took good care ever after to keep away from places where she had no right to go, and also to avoid meddling with things that did not belong to her.

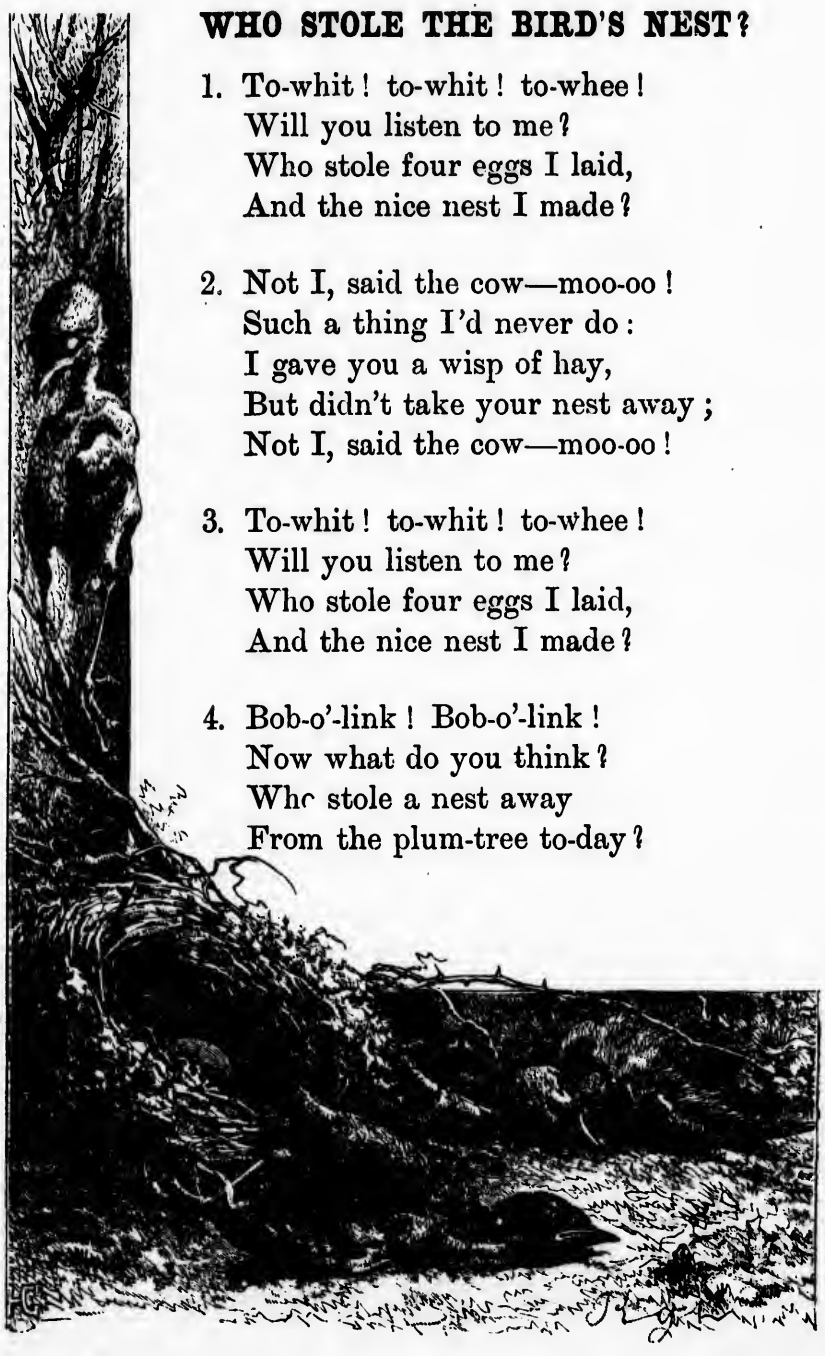
THE WISE BEAVER.

You have often heard of the wonderful way in which our beavers in Canada construct their houses and dams. They seem, however, in these operations, to be guided by instinct rather than by reason. I will tell you of a beaver which lived a captive in France.

To supply him with nourishment, all sorts of things—fruits, vegetables, and small branches of trees—were thrown to him. His keepers, knowing that he came from a cold climate, bestowed little care, however, in keeping him warm. Winter coming on, one night large flakes of snow were driven by the wind into a corner of his cage. The poor beaver, who, in his own country, forms a remarkably warm house for himself, almost perished with the cold. If man would not help him, he must try to help himself to build a cell which would shelter him from the icy blast. The materials at his disposal were the branches of trees given him to gnaw. These he wove between the bars of his cage, filling up the openings with the carrots and apples which had been thrown in for his food. Besides this, he plastered the whole with snow, which froze during the night; and next morning it was found that he had built a wall of some height, which perfectly suited his purpose.

Make the best of the means at your disposal, as well as of the talents you possess.

KINGSTON: *Sagacity of Animals.*



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

1. To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
   Will you listen to me?
   Who stole four eggs I laid,
   And the nice nest I made?

2. Not I, said the cow—moo-oo!
   Such a thing I'd never do:
   I gave you a wisp of hay,
   But didn't take your nest away;
   Not I, said the cow—moo-oo!

3. To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
   Will you listen to me?
   Who stole four eggs I laid,
   And the nice nest I made?

4. Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
   Now what do you think?
   Who stole a nest away
   From the plum-tree to-day?

5. A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast;
And he felt so full of shame
He did not like to tell his name.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink:
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call, in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink:
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:

Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Spink, spank, spink :
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Spink, spank, spink :
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple—a pretty sight !
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Spink, spank, spink :
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food.
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
Bob-o'-link ! Bob-o'-link !
Spink, spank, spink :

This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink:
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows:
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,—
Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

W. C. BRYANT.

MILKING TIME.

Tinkle, tinkle through the lane,
Open wide the barn-yard gate;
For the cows are coming in,
And we must not make them wait.
Hear the music of their bells;
Of the milking time it tells.
Io! Io! Io!
To the yard we all will go.

Pleasant hour, so fresh and cool;
Pleasant light of setting sun:
Bring the pails and milking-stool;
Close the gate till all be done.
Milk the cows with gentle hand,
While so patiently they stand.
Io! Io! Io!
The stream is white as snow.

Now the sweet and foamy milk
In our little bowls we pour;
And a pleasant supper make,
Sitting in the open door.
Shadows fall, we softly sing,—
This is pleasure for a king.
Io! Io! Io!
No greater joy we know.

LAZY AND DREAMER.

THE FOOLISH LITTLE GNOMES.

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time, under the foot of a large hill there lived a colony of gnomes. They were a very tiny race of men, but they made up for that shortcoming by their number. When they were at work by their work-shops under the hill, the whole place seemed to be alive with little people. All around, you saw them hammering away at golden ornaments and sparkling jewellery; though for what purpose they spent all their time thus, no one knew less than the little workmen themselves. For they treasured up their golden rings and bracelets and other exquisite things low beneath the earth, and nobody ever saw them again, except the little gnome watchman who was set there to guard them.

The gnomes all lived very happily together, were quite contented with their mode of life, and all went

well. But one day one of the little men happened to fall into a talk with an old mole who lived in the same hill. Mr. Digger, as he was called, had been gazing with wondering eyes at the gnome as he was making a fine ring, studded with precious stones—emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. After a while he said:—

"I say, gnome, could not you make me one of these things for my foot? I'm thinking of going a-courting before long, and the dear little mole-maiden I have in view blinked so kindly at me yesterday, that I think if I had your ring on my foot she would have me at once. She might think she would get it after we were married, you know. Come, what do you want for it?"

"Well," said the gnome, "what have you got to offer?"

"I am a poor mole, as you know, and there is nothing of much value in my burrow," replied Mr. Digger; "but my collection of snail-shells is one of the finest that mole ever made. All the colors of the rainbow shine in their bright sides, and it does one's eyes good to look at them. You shall have them all for your ring. And I will promise you, also, a dinner of ten fine fat slugs with a dessert of two fresh young worms every day for a whole month, in addition."

"Oh, you cunning Mr. Digger! You know your broken snail-shells do no good to me; and as for your slugs and worms—bah! the very thought of them makes me think I shall never want a dinner again! No! everybody knows that you have a

rich store of precious stones and gems, which you have found by your mining, and which you have hidden away. Two handfuls of them for my ring, or you shall not have it—there!"

[In the end, Mr. Digger made the gnomes believe that snail-shells were then greatly needed in the Land of the Beetles, for the building of the vast Beetle Palace; and that the gnomes would make their fortunes by buying his snail-shells, and trading them off in Beetle Land. At last, four of the gnomes, who had earned for themselves the names of Crazy, Lazy, Silly, and Dreamer, carried out Mr. Digger's plan, and prepared to set out for Beetle Land.

So they each took a tiny sack, and at once went to the old mole. They knocked at the door of his mole-hill.]

"Mr. Digger! Mr. Digger! are you at home? It is Crazy, Lazy, Silly, and Dreamer come to pay you a visit. Let us in; it is not the mole-catcher! We want to give you the golden ring in exchange for your snail-shells!"

When the old mole heard this, he opened the door and peeped out.

"Come in, come in, my dear sirs," he said, as soon as he had made sure that it was not the mole-catcher; "here is my lot of snail-shells, and a very valuable and lovely one it is too. Fill your sacks, —but first give me the ring!"

The gnomes handed him the ring, and filled their sacks. They then went away in high spirits, saying,—

"Good-bye, Mr. Digger, good-bye! When we return, we will come and see you again. Thank you!"

"—For nothing!" muttered the mole to himself, and then he chuckled and laughed until his sides ached. "Oh, I shall burst if I go on laughing like this!" he said to himself; and very likely he might have, too, if he had not stopped, for his little arms were so short that they did not reach far enough to hold his sides.

The next morning the four gnomes set out for Beetle Land, their sacks over their shoulders. After they had journeyed on some time, they got very hot and tired in the bright sunshine. Then Lazy cried out,—

"I cannot walk any further with this heavy sack upon my back. *I* do not see what we want with snail-shells! Let us leave them here. If need be, we can fight the beetles; but I am sure they will give us the jewels as soon as they see the four of us. We shall only have to look fierce, like this!"

[Two of the little men disputed about looking fierce, but the quarrel was stopped by Silly, who hit Crazy with his sack of snail-shells, and knocked him over into a muddy ditch. Crazy was in great grief over his new trowsers.]

As Silly's sack was already in the ditch, the others thought they might as well throw theirs in too.

They then looked out for weapons, and armed themselves with green acorns attached to the stems, which made good clubs for them. But Silly cut a

twig of white-thorn into the right shape for his club. And a bold crew they were.

After they had gone on some time, they came to a road with two deep furrows running along the whole length of it, which a heavily laden waggon had made.

"Highty, tighty! what are we to do now?" cried Lazy. "Here's a pickle! We shall have to clamber over these hills. If we had only brought our mining tools with us, we would have been through in a minute."

Yet they managed to get over the ridges without much difficulty, though Crazy had again cause to bewail having his best trowsers on. "They will be ruined before I get back, I know they will!" the poor little man moaned, with big tears in his eyes.

"Never mind, Crazy, cheer up; we will buy you a new pair with the jewels we shall bring away from Beetle Land," the others said.

Crazy wiped his eyes, and the four little gnomes continued on their way. Soon they came upon a large bumble-bee sitting on a dog-daisy resting himself.

"Can you tell us the way to Beetle Land, Mr. Bumble?" they asked. "We are going there to fetch away the jewels. See! we have our clubs ready for battle!" And the four little warriors tried to look fierce each in his own way, whirling their clubs over their big heads. "Don't you think we shall terrify the poor beetles?" they said.

"Yes; you seem to me very terrible warriors indeed. Ugh! I must look the other way, if you will excuse me, for I cannot bear to gaze upon your

warlike faces." But I, for my part, believe Mr. Bumble turned his back upon them that they might not see his smile. "Cannot you, *really!* Don't be afraid; we shall not harm you, Mr. Bumble," they replied. "We mean to be friendly to you, and we are not looking fierce any more." And it was true, for their faces now beamed with good-nature.

"I will lead you to Beetle Land, then," answered the bee: "follow me; but you must run quickly after me, for it is a long way off."

The little gnomes set off running as fast as their legs would bear them, and their big heads shook from side to side as they ran. The bee led them over meadow and field, up hill and through wood, and the foolish little men did not for a moment look whither they were running, when suddenly—cricketty-cracketty-cricketty — plomp-plomp-plomp! —through the bushes they fell, down the bank they slid, down into the pond,—one, two, three of them.

"That is the land of the *Water* Beetles! Is that what you want?" laughed the bee; and away he flew, leaving poor Crazy, Lazy, and Silly struggling in the water. Fortunately it was very shallow, or my story might have ended here. As it was, the poor little fellows scrambled up on to the bank, drenched and draggled like drowned rats.

W. Allson.

THE SPRING OF LIFE.

Lightly from the childish brow
  Blows the curling golden hair,
Tossed upon the sportive wind
  Here and there and everywhere.

Lightly dance the hazel eyes,
  Telling forth the childish glee—
O how blessed to be young!
  O how glorious to be free!

Dreaming not of care or grief,
  Knowing not what life can give;
Feeling only in her glee
  What a joy it is to live!

Lightly from the girlish brow
  Blows the curling golden hair,
Tossed upon the sportive wind
  Here and there and everywhere.

Brightly beam the hazel eyes,
  Outlets of a happy heart!
Brightly glows the lovely face,
  Eyes alight and lips apart!

Dreaming not of coming pain,
  Knowing but what love can give,
Feeling only in her joy
  What a joy it is to live!

ESPERANCE, *in Canadian Monthly Magazine.*

THE FOOLISH LITTLE GNOMES.

CHAPTER II.

[Dreamer, who was at the top of th[illegible]k, and had not rolled into the ditch, left the other little men and stole off home. Crazy, Lazy, and Silly dried themselves in the sun, and slept over night in a hay-stack.

DREAMER STEALING HOME.

In the morning they started off afresh, and before long came to a pool where a frog was sitting on the leaf of a water-lily, basking in the sun. The gnomes asked him the way to Beetle Land.]

"Beetle Land?" he asked; "why, it is not this way at all! Come closer, and I will whisper in your ear where it is."

"You go, Crazy," "You go, Lazy," "You go, Silly," cried the three gnomes all at once. But Crazy had to go, because he was the captain of the little army.

He ran towards the edge of the water, but the bank was covered with long grass which hid the edge. Crazy had not noticed this, though he quickly found it out; for the earth slipped from beneath his feet, and headlong he was plunged through the prickly briers and wild rose-trees.

He would have had another and deeper bath if he had not as he fell grasped hold of a strong branch that overhung the surface of the water. His club dropped from his hand, but he caught it cleverly between his feet before it reached the water. There he hung in a terrible fright, as he called aloud,—

"Hi! hi! help! help! Mud and ditch-water—I'm dead! HELP!!"

"Is it help you want?" spoke a gruff voice from above. "I'll give you help!"

Crazy looked up, and before him he saw a huge stag-beetle slowly drawing nigh him. His antlers moved backwards and forwards, as though he were already enjoying the delicious morsel he saw before him.

"Dear Mr. Stag-beetle, will you really help me? I am so fond of your beautiful race, that I am sure you will. We *were* going to Beetle Land, to carry away all the beetles' jewels; but now we won't go, because you are so kind!"

"Oh--ho!" answered the Stag-beetle, "you were going to steal the jewels from Beetle Land, were you? Well, I'll see if I can help you out of your scrape. Clamber higher up the branch. It will not bear us both at the end."

"Don't go! don't go, Crazy!" shouted Lazy and Silly, as they peeped through the bushes and rose-trees above; "he only wants to gobble you up. Stay where you are, Crazy!"

"Who are you up there, you wicked little sinners, to talk such nonsense?" cried the Stag-beetle.

"I'll be after you." And he walked backwards to the top of the branch, and then gave chase to Lazy and Silly, who rushed off in great fright.

[The Stag-beetle chased the two gnomes until he became short of breath. Meanwhile Crazy had

crawled along his branch to land, and so escaped. He soon joined the other two gnomes. They went forward together, and suddenly ran against a beetle that was one of the police of Beetle Land. The gnomes foolishly told this beetle their plans. The beetle reported the news to his king.]

Presently he returned with the beetle-king, and his servant-man, the grasshopper.

"At them! at them, my men! I'll take the big one!" screeched the king; and poor Crazy was hurled to the ground before he could raise his acorn-club. The king leaped upon him, and began stabbing him in the face with his legs. Crazy cried lustily for help; at which Silly grasped hold of the beetle-king's wing to pull him off, when he felt a sudden shock in his chest—he fell roughly backwards, for the grasshopper, who had been standing some distance behind the king, had made a sudden spring at him.

Lazy, who had wanted to look on, fared little better. As soon as he saw the others so fiercely attacked, he gave a tremendous leap into the air, and seized hold of the branch of a tree above him. But no good! the beetle they had first met laid hold of him as he hung there, and no one can tell what would have been the end of it all if a swallow had not at that moment swept across the ground.

"The swallow! the swallow!" cried the enemy, and rushed into the bush.

"What next? I'm nearly dead!" gasped Silly. "Oh, my chest! my che—st!"

"And I'm quite dead! Oh, my nose, my no—ose!" cried Crazy.

"And so am I! Oh, the fright I had! A minute more, and he would have eaten me," cried Lazy.

"I am more hurt than you, you coward!" answered Crazy. "You ran away. I fought like a hero!"

The gnomes now made their way home, having found to their cost that telling one's plans is not the way to success. They went to their house, but what was their surprise to find the door locked inside! They rapped loudly.

"Umph! umph!" sounded from within.

"Who is that in there?" they shrieked in a passion.

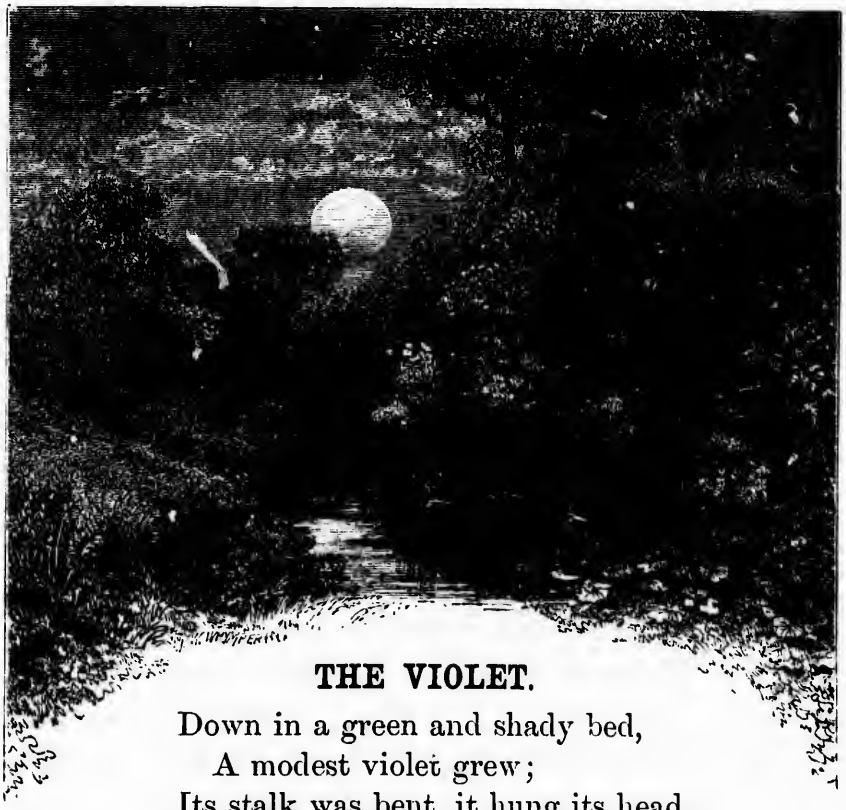
"Umph! umph! what do you want, disturbing me in my sleep? Ever since the four foolish little gnomes went to Beetle Land to fetch away the jewels—ha! ha!—I have slept here in peace. Who are you?"

"The wicked old mole! the wicked old mole! he has taken our house!" screamed Crazy, his big face purple with rage; and he stamped upon the ground in his passion. He rushed backwards and forwards, and then threw himself headlong against the door. It burst open; and Mr. Digger, who had recognized the gnomes by their voices, scrambled out through their legs, upsetting the enraged little men on the ground. Up they jumped, and after the mole.

"That won't do, Mr. Digger! Oh, no! we don't mean to let you off like that!" they cried; and after him they ran at full speed. They easily overtook him, and he turned round to face them.

"What do you want with me, my good little friends?" asked Mr. Digger.

"THAT!!" the gnomes roared; and their three acorn-clubs descended, as if from one arm, upon the old mole's head. He rolled over—dead, as dead as a mole ever was or ever will be. W. ALLSON.



THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

FIRE.

Here is a house on fire. What a fearful sight! Look how the flames have burst through the roof. The heat has broken all the windows. Soon there will be nothing left standing but the bare walls.

HOUSE ON FIRE.

It is not often that any one can tell either where a fire has begun or what has caused it. A little spark may set a large building in a blaze. Sometimes children play with matches or lighted paper, and, afraid of burning their fingers, they throw the blazing thing down, never thinking of the harm they may do.

One minute's carelessness may cost many thousands of dollars, and even a number of lives, for we often hear of persons having been burned to death. Therefore, never either play with fire or use it carelessly.

If you once hear the cry "Fire! fire!" you will never forget it as long as you live. All the people near run at once to the spot, to try to put it out.

Some one runs for the firemen. As soon as they hear the news, they jump on to their fire-engine and drive to the fire as fast as the horses can gallop.

The firemen have helmets on their heads, so that they may be protected from falling stones and other things as they move about in the burning building.

As soon as they arrive, pipes are quickly laid, and streams of water are poured on the building. Sometimes the firemen put a fire out by this means. But often they arrive too late to save the building in which it began.

FIREMAN AT WORK.

Then they try to prevent the fire from spreading. They throw streams of water on the houses near, to keep them from catching fire. They also pull down part of the buildings on each side of that which is burning.

FIRE-ESCAPE.

Sometimes there are people in the burning house, who have not been able to escape. Fires often happen at night. Then those who live in the house are asleep in their beds; and when the staircase is

burned, they cannot get away. So a fire-escape is placed against a window.

It is like a long ladder on wheels. Some of the people are brought down the outside in the arms of the firemen; others save themselves by sliding down through the inside of it.

Yet fire is a very useful thing. We need it to warm our rooms, bake our bread, boil our water, and cook our meat. But how very careful we should be! The youngest child may set a house on fire, but often no power on earth can put it out. Let us all remember, then, that fire is a good servant but a bad master.

WRITE:—

fear-ful	*fire-man*	*spread-ing*
brok-en	*care-less*	*catch-ing*
ei-ther	*care-less-ness*	*stair-case*
fin-gers	*care-less-ly*	*slid-ing*
blaze	*care-ful*	*youn-gest*
blaz-ing	*en-gine*	*re-mem-ber*
match-es	*gal-lop*	*pro-tect-ed*

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

The roof and wall, the stairs and all,
And rafters tumble in;
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din.
Some burn, some choke, with fire and smoke!
And oh! what was the cause?
My heart's dismayed—last night I played,
With Tommy, lighting straws!

A. AND J. TAYLOR.

THE LAMBS' LULLABY.

1. The pretty little lambs that lie
   And sleep upon the grass,
   Have none to sing them lullaby,
   But the night winds as they pass ;

2. While I, a happy little maid,
   Bid dear papa good-night,
   And in my crib so warm am laid,
   And tucked up snug and tight.

3. And then some pretty hymn Ann sings,
   Until to sleep I go;
   But the young helpless lambs, poor things,
   Have none to lull them so.

4. Haste, kind mamma, and call them here,
   Where they'll be warm as I;
   For in the chilly fields, I fear,
   Before the morn they'll die.

MOTHER.

5. The lambs sleep in the fields, 'tis true,
   Without a lullaby;

And yet they are as warm as you,
Beneath a summer sky.

6. They choose some dry and grassy spot,
Beneath the shady trees;
To other songs they listen not
Than the soothing evening breeze.

7. And when the night is bitter cold,
The shepherd comes with care,
And leads them to his peaceful fold;—
They're safe and sheltered there.

8. How happy are the lambs, my love!
How safe and calm they rest!
But you a Shepherd have above,
Of all kind shepherds best.

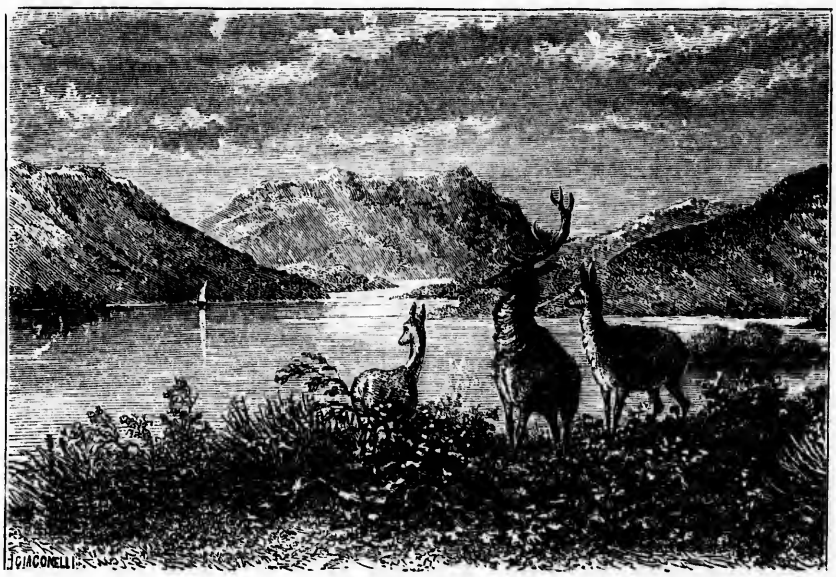
9. His lambs He gathers in His arms,
And in His bosom bears;—
How blest, how safe from all alarms,
Each child His love who shares!

10. Oh, if you'll be His gentle child,
And listen to His voice,
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,
How will mamma rejoice!

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

"Homeward, homeward, little sheep,
O'er the dreary wold;
Homeward, soon ye all shall sleep
Safe from wet and cold."

PART III.



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer—
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths* and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer—
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe;
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

BURNS.

* Broad valleys traversed by streams.

SHIPS AND BOATS.

PART I.

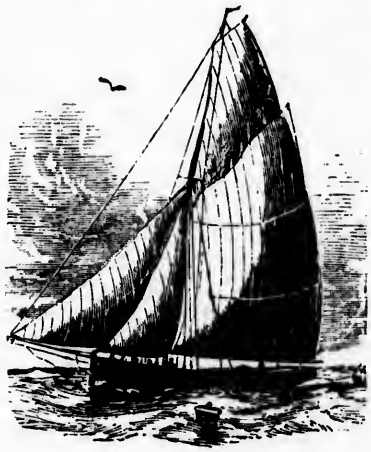
Tom and Martha lived in a house on the bank of a river not very far from the sea. In the picture you may see the end of the house, and the brother and sister at play on the green.

Every day ships sailed past their home; and the children often stopped in their play to watch the vessels pass up and down the river. Sometimes they called the ships birds with white wings; and one day, when the wind was blowing very hard, they made a sail with Martha's handkerchief.

Putting his hoop and stick on the ground, Tom took hold of the two corners at one side, and Martha took hold of the two corners at the other side.

Then they held the handkerchief against the wind. What fun it was! Martha was almost

blown over; and Tom laughed to see their sail filled by the wind.



When they went home, they told their mother what they had been doing. She told them that sailors use a large sheet for a sail; but that instead of holding the corners with their hands, they fix the sheet to a long pole called a mast, and stretch it with spars and ropes.

Here is a picture of a boat with sails. The men in the boat have fastened the sails to the mast. The wind has filled the sails, and the boat is moving quickly through the water.

Large ships have a number of sails fastened to their masts; and by means of these sails they are blown along over the sea from one country to another.

One day Tom and Martha were taken to the sea-side, where the river that ran past their home ended. Here were quite a number of large ships. How the children

clapped their hands with delight, when they saw a vessel bounding along with all its sails set to the breeze!

When they got home, their mother showed them how the sailors can roll up the sails when they wish to stop their ship, or not to go so fast on their voyage. Tom made a good use of what he had learned; for he made a little boat, and showed his sister how to sew a sail on the mast. Then they took it down to the pond in the garden; and the wind filled the sail and blew the little vessel across the pond.

Tom says that when he becomes a man he will be the captain of a large ship, and that he will take his sister for a long voyage over the sea.

WRITE :—

lived	*breeze*	*sis-ter*
green	*learned*	*sailed*
ground	*riv-er*	*stopped*
laughed	*pic-ture*	*ves-sel*
stretch	*broth-er*	*some-times*

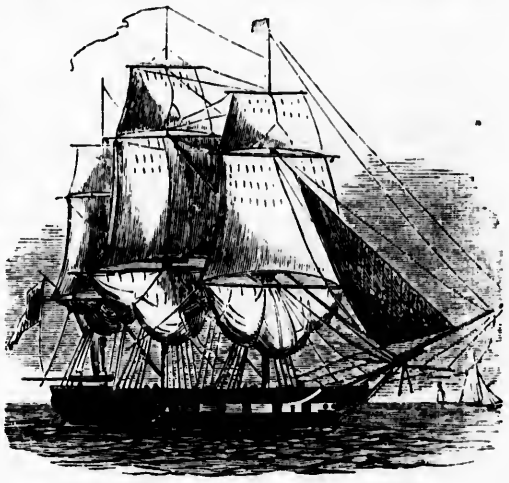
---

hand-ker-chief	*mov-ing*	*showed*
cor-ners	*quick-ly*	*voy-age*
a-gainst	*coun-try*	*gar-den*
sail-ors	*clapped*	*cap-tain*
in-stead	*de-light*	*clap-ping*
fast-ened	*bound-ing*	*blow-ing*

SHIPS.

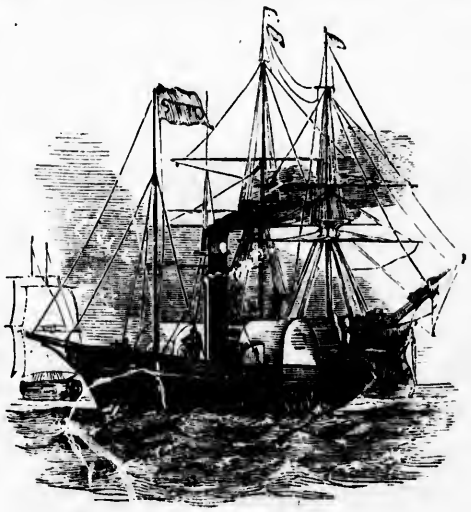
PART II.

Ships are not always built of wood. They are often built of iron or steel. Here we have a wooden three-master; but the great vessels which bring letters from our friends across the Atlantic are built of iron, and they have four masts, or even more. When there is no wind a sailing-ship cannot go on.



SAILING-SHIP.

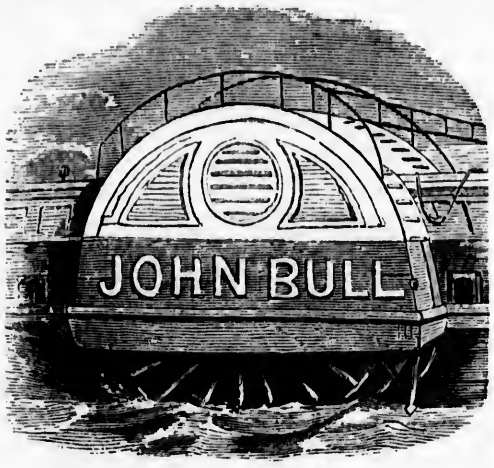
Now for a steam-ship! It can sail not only without wind, but against it. It has engines which force it through the water. Steamers also have masts and carry sails. Sometimes, when the wind fills their sails, and their engines are also going, they sail very fast.



STEAM-SHIP.

Some steam-ships have a large wheel at each side. Such wheels are

called paddle-wheels. These wheels are forced round by steam-engines. As they catch the water it resists their pressure, and so the ship is pushed along.



PADDLE-WHEEL.

Here is a picture of a paddle-wheel. It is almost covered by a large box. On this box the name of the steamer is often painted. The steamer to which this paddle-box belongs is called the *John Bull.*

Ships are very useful. They are constantly crossing the ocean to fetch from far-off lands a great many things which we need every day.

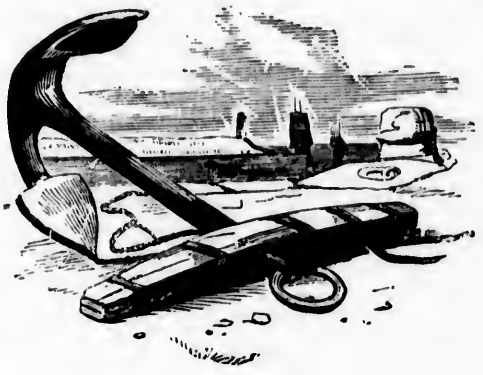
They bring tea from China; sugar from the West Indies; coffee from Arabia, Java, and Brazil; raisins from Egypt; currants from Greece; oranges from Florida and Spain; and a thousand other useful things from all parts of the world.

Some ships are large enough to convey two thousand passengers across the ocean. They are like little towns. They have dining-rooms, bed-rooms, kitchens, and store-rooms for all kinds of food.

The men who work a ship are called sailors. When they wish to stop their vessel, they throw out a large iron hook called an anchor. Here is a picture of one.

The anchor is fastened to one end of a long rope

or chain, the other end of which is fixed to the ship. When the anchor is caught in the ground, it keeps the ship from sailing away.



ANCHOR.

A ship which is used in war is called a man-of-war. It carries a number of large guns or cannons, which are fired through holes in the sides of the vessel, called port-holes.

WRITE :—

sail-ing	*pres-sure*	*cof-fee*
car-ry	*pic-ture*	*rai-sins*
car-ried	*cov-ered*	*cur-rants*
en-gines	*paint-ed*	*use-ful*
steam-ers	*con-stant-ly*	*an-chor*
pad-dle	*cross-ing*	*caught*
forced	*sug-ar*	*can-nons*

THE STEAM-BOAT.

See how yon flaming herald treads
  The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
  She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
  She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
  Beneath her hissing lee.

O. W. HOLMES.

ON THE RAFT.

1. " Darkness around me closes,
And not a sail is nigh;
No human ear can hear my cail,
No human voice reply;
The lowering sky above, around
Waves, waves, spread everywhere;
Dread prospect! yet my sinking soul
Still struggles with despair!

2. " Upon my rude and sea-washed raft
I float upon the wave,
With my poor dog, who suffers with
The friend he cannot save.
Our strained eyes scan the horizon dark;
In vain—no hope is there!
I clench my hands in anguish wild—
In anguish, not despair!

3. " No, though fell thirst and hunger
May claim us for their prey;
No, though my chill and shuddering frame
Be drenched with ocean spray:
Though fainting, helpless, desolate,
I'm still the Almighty's care;
His eye beholds, his hand protects,
And I will not despair!

4. " Farewell, my friends beloved,
Still in this dark hour dear;
Ye little know the fearful night
Which closes round us here!

Lord, bless them; and, if such thy will,
Oh, spare—for thou canst spare—
Him who, confiding in thy love,
May die, but not despair!"

* * * *

5. The dreary night has passed away,
The dawn is in the skies;
Now senseless on his heaving raft
The shipwrecked Edwin lies.

ON THE RAFT.

But, sleepless, watchful, faithful friend,
His dog is striving there,
To rouse the sailor from his swoon,
To bid him not despair.

6. The dog has seen the distant sail
Across the rolling seas;
The dog's loud, eager bark for help,
Is borne upon the breeze!
And larger, larger looms the sail,
And gallant tars prepare
To launch the boat to reach the raft—
Oh! who would now despair?

7. They're saved! they're saved! oh, blessed day!
The dog and shipwrecked boy;
Companions once in sufferings,
Companions now in joy.
And Edwin lives to tell at home
How God had heard his prayer,
And sent in mercy help to one
Who never would despair.

A. L. O. E.

LINES FROM THE "WRECK OF THE HESPERUS."

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"—
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?"—
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?"—
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE LAPLANDER.

The Laplander's home is far away in the north of Europe, in a very cold country. During a great part of the year the ground is covered with snow. The winter of Lapland is far more severe than our Canadian winter.

LAPLANDER.

The Laplander has a copper-colored skin. His eyes are dark and narrow. His mouth is large and wide. His hair is black and long. Many of the men are not more than four feet high.

Look at his fur dress. How very cold his country must be! All his clothes are made of the skins of animals. Around his waist he wears a broad leathern belt. He has a fur cap and thick fur gloves or mittens.

See his long snow-skates. They are several feet in length. With them he can move quickly over the snow. In his hand he carries a long pole. He uses it to support and to guide him as he goes along. Near its end is a round board, which prevents it from sinking in the snow.

The Laplander lives in a tent. It is made by setting up several poles and covering them with

skins or pieces of cloth. In the centre of the tent there is a fire. The smoke finds its way out through an opening in the top.

The Laplander has no horses, no cows, and no sheep. These animals could not live in so cold a country. The reindeer takes their places, and supplies all he needs.

SLEDGE.

He harnesses it to a sledge, and it draws him quickly over the snow. His sledge is like a small boat. A reindeer has been known to travel at the rate of nineteen miles an hour.

The milk of the reindeer is very rich, and is made into cheese. Its flesh is used for food, and its skin is made into clothes. When winter comes and the wild-fowl have flown away, and the sea is so frozen as to prevent him from catching fish, the Laplander goes to his herd of reindeer and kills one of them for a supply of food.

WRITE :—

Eu-rope	*seu-er-al*	*set-ting*	*rein-deer*
coun-try	*quick-ly*	*cou-er-ing*	*fast-ens*
cou-ered	*car-ries*	*piec-es*	*sledge*
nar-row	*sup-port*	*through*	*trau-el*
mit-tens	*board*	*o-pen-ing*	*nine-teen*

WINTER SONG.

1. 'Tis winter still, and still the blast
Howls through the forest loud;
Still on the gale comes, driving fast;
In flakes, the snowy shroud.

2. The sheep and cattle shivering stand
Around the barn-yard gate,
And wistful at the farmer's hand
Their coming meal await.

3. The dog sits howling at the door,
And begs you'll let him in;
Jack Frost, alas! bites very sore,
And Pincher's boots are thin.

4. The boys and girls to school that go,
In caps and mittens run;
With noses red they spurn the snow,
And have a deal of fun.

5. But oh! the poor whose fire is low,
Whose clothes are very thin;
Whose roof admits the driving snow,
And lets the rough blast in!—

6. Think, think of them, and let them know
Your pity and your prayer;
This chill chill time of frost and snow,
They ask, they need your care.

THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

One bright summer morning a little tailor sat upon his board by the window, and busily sewed with all his might. A peasant came by, in her way down the street, crying, "Good jelly, cheap! good jelly, cheap!" This sounded pleasantly in the tailor's ears; so he put his little head through the window, saying, "Here, my good woman! here you have a customer!"

The woman, with her heavy basket on her head, ascended the three steps leading to the tailor's house, and was obliged to unpack all the pots for him to look at.

He examined them all, took them into his hand, put his nose to them, and said finally, "The jelly seems good; weigh me out two ounces, good woman, or perhaps I should not mind a quarter of a pound."

The woman, who had hoped for a much larger order, gave him what he required, and then went away grumbling and crying.

"Now this jelly will be a blessing to me," said the tailor, "and give me strength and power." So he fetched the bread out of the closet, and cutting a large slice, spread some of his new purchase upon it. "That will not be bad," said he; "but I must finish my waistcoat before I have a morsel." So he laid the bread near him, continued to sew, and in his joy the stitches became every moment longer. In the meantime the smell of the sweet jelly arose, and as crowds of flies were on the walls they were

attracted by it, and came down in swarms. "Ah! who invited you?" asked the little tailor, driving them away; but the flies, not knowing the tailor's language, were not to be driven off, and returned in greater numbers. At this, losing all patience, he looked about him for some destructive weapon; and taking a strip of cloth, he said, "Now I will give it you," at the same time laying about him in all directions without mercy. Upon counting the number of the slain, there lay before him no less than seven dead, with outstretched legs. "What a brave fellow, you see!" said he, admiring his own prowess; "the whole town must know this!" Hastily cutting himself a girdle, he stitched upon it, in large letters, "Seven at one blow!" "Town!" then said he, "that is not sufficient; the whole world shall learn it!" and his heart went pit-a-pat for joy like a lamb's tail.

The tailor bound the girdle round his body, and made up his mind to go abroad into the world, thinking the work-shop far too small a field for his courage. Before he left the shop, however, he looked round the house for something to take with him; but he found nothing except an old cheese and a tame pigeon, both of which he put into his pocket. He then started at a fast walk, and, being light and active, felt no weariness. The road led over a high mountain; and upon reaching its highest summit he saw a great giant sitting on the peak, looking quite comfortably around. The tailor went up to him and said boldly, "Good day, comrade; you sit there and overlook the wide world! I am on the

way thither, and am going to try my fortune. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The giant looked on the little tailor with contempt, and replied, "You ragamuffin!—you miserable beggar!"

"We shall see about that," said the tailor, unbuttoning his coat, and showing his belt. "Come, read there what sort of man I am!"

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" thought it meant men whom the tailor had killed, and felt a little more respect for him; yet, willing to prove him first, he took a stone in his hand and squeezed it until the water dropped from it. "Now, do that!" said the giant, "if you are as strong as you pretend to be."

"Only that!" said the little tailor; "that is mere play!" Saying this, he thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out the soft cheese, and pressed it until the whey came out. "Confess," said he, "that that is still better."

The giant knew not what to say, and could hardly think the little fellow so strong; but he picked up a stone, and throwing it into the air, it went so high that it was scarcely possible to follow it with the eye. "Now, little fellow!" said he, "do better."

"It is very well thrown," said the tailor; "but your stone has returned to the earth. Now, I will throw one so high that it shall never come down again." Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth the bird and cast it into the air; which, rejoicing in its liberty, rose high, flew away, and, of

course, did not come back. "What do you think of that?" asked the tailor.

"You can certainly throw very well!" returned the giant; "but we will now see if you are able to carry something more than common." He then led the little tailor to an enormous oak lying on the earth, and said, "If you are strong enough, help me to carry this tree out of the wood."

"Very willingly!" answered the little man; "you take the trunk on your shoulder, I will raise all the branches and twigs, and carry them, and they are certainly the heaviest."

The giant took the trunk on his shoulder; but the tailor seated himself on a branch, and not being able to look round, the giant, without knowing it, did all the work, carrying the little tailor into the bargain. Then he sat behind, as merry and wicked as possible, whistling the air of "Three Tailors, they rode beyond the Gates!" as if to carry such trees were child's play. The giant, however, after going part of the way found the load too heavy, and could go no further, crying out, "Wait, I must let the tree fall!"

The tailor sprang nimbly off, seized the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the giant, "What a big fellow, and not able to carry such a tree!"

They continued their way together, and arriving at a cherry-tree growing by the wayside, the giant seized the top of the tree, where the ripest fruit hung, bent it down, gave it into the tailor's hand, and bid him eat away. But the little tailor was

much too weak to hold the tree down, therefore, when the giant let go, it sprang into the air, and the tailor was carried up with it. When he had returned to the ground unhurt, "What is this?" said the giant; "have you not strength to hold such a bush as this?"

"I do not want for strength," replied the tailor; "do you think that was any feat for one who had killed seven with one stroke? I sprang over the tree because the hunters down there are shooting in the thicket; spring over it if you can."

The giant made the attempt, but remained caught in the branches, so that the little tailor again claimed the victory over him. The giant now said, "As you are such a brave fellow, come into our cave, and pass the night with us."

The tailor was ready, and followed him to the cave, where he found several other giants seated by the fire, each with a roasted sheep in his hand, of which he was making his supper. The little tailor looked around, and thought to himself, "It is much more roomy here than in my work-shop." The giant pointed to a bed, and told him he might take possession of it for the night; but it was far too big for the little tailor, so he would not lie in it, but crept into a corner. When it was midnight, and the giant thought the tailor was sound asleep, he took a large iron bar and struck the bed with it, until he thought he had killed the little grasshopper. And when day broke they all went out into the wood, quite forgetting the tailor; therefore their astonishment may be conceived when they saw him,

shortly after, coming towards them as coolly and boldly as if nothing had happened. Thinking he would do nothing less than slay them all, they ran away in their fright, and the tailor saw them no more.

From the German of J. L. *and* W. K. GRIMM.

BRAVE WILLIE.

Old mother sheep was feeding:—
"What brings that boy this way?"—
Slowly she followed Willie,
And Willie edged away;
One of the two was in earnest,
Neither enjoyed the play.
"This is the giant," said Willie,
"And I am the valiant knight;
If only he would not come so close,
I think I should like to fight!"
But the sheep came closer, and closer yet,
And Willie grew pale with fright.
Over the hedge went Willie,
And into the ditch fell he;
But the ground was dry, and nothing was hurt—
Only one dimpled knee.—
"This a mortal combat,
And I am the slain!" said he.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

1. Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up;"

How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

2. Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

3. Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

4. How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

FANNY J. VAN ALSTYNE.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The American Indian's home is in the dark forests and on the great plains of Canada and the United States. He is tall and strong. His skin is red or copper-colored. He paints his face, so that his enemies may be afraid of his fierce looks. He paints on his body pictures of birds, and beasts, and fishes.

AMERICAN INDIAN.

When the Indian is in full dress, he has a plume of feathers on his head. His robe is the skin of a buffalo or a deer. It has figures painted on it. He wears moccasins on his feet instead of shoes.

The Indian in the picture is a warrior. He is the chief of his tribe. In one hand he carries a small hatchet, and in the other hand a spear. His shield is on his left arm.

The Indians are still, in some parts of America, a very warlike race. They are divided into tribes. The head man or king of each tribe is called the Sachem. The tribes are often at war with one another.

When at peace, the Indians spend much of their time in hunting. The flesh of the animals they

kill is used for food. The skins are made into clothes.

Yonder are two Indian houses. They are made by stretching skins on poles. They are like tents. The Indians call them wigwams.

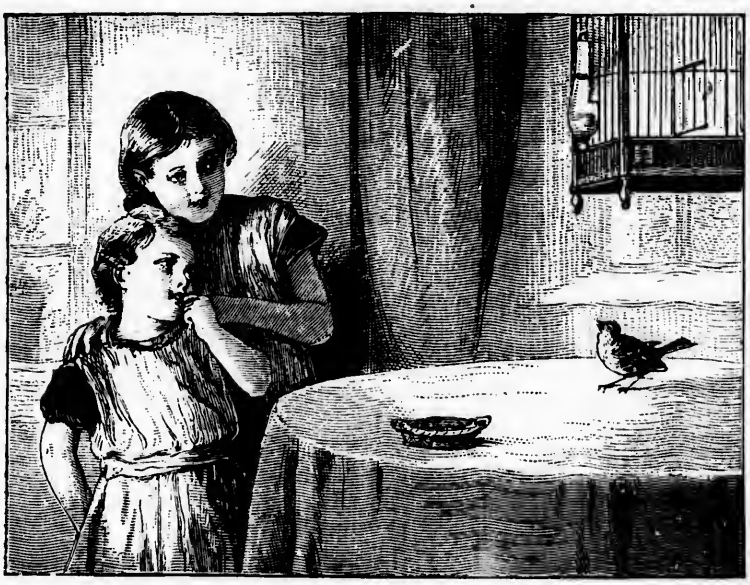
INDIAN HOUSES.

The American Indians call their god Manitou, or the Great Spirit. They believe that when they die they will go to a land in whose great forests they will hunt for ever.

Many of the Indians have become Christians, and now live in villages and till the land as the white people do.

WRITE :—

A-mer-i-can	*paint-ed*	*an-i-mals*
In-dian	*leath-er*	*clothes*
for-ests	*in-stead*	*stretch-ing*
pic-tures	*hat-chet*	*spir-it*
feath-ers	*shield*	*be-lieve*
buf-fa-lo	*di-vid-ed*	*vil-lag-es*
fig-ures	*tribes*	*Sa-chem*



WELCOME, LITTLE ROBIN.

1. Welcome, little robin,
With the scarlet breast;
In this winter weather
Cold must be your nest.
Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

2. Is the story true, robin,
You were once so good
To the little orphans
Sleeping in the wood?
Did you see them lying
Pale, and cold, and still,
And strew leaves about them
With your little bill?

3. Whether true or not, robin,
   We are glad to see
How you trust us children,
   Walking in so free;
Hopping o'er the carpet,
   Picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children
   Love him when he comes.

4. And though little robin
   Has no gift of speech,
Yet he can a lesson
   To the children teach:
Still to trust that blessings
   Will be richly given,
When they ask their Father
   For their bread from heaven.

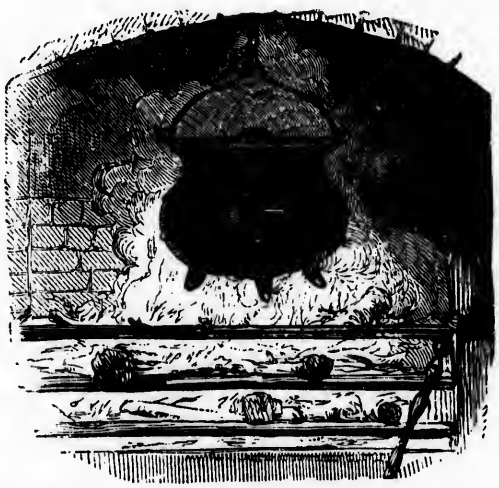
J. D. BURNS.

THE OWL AND THE ASS.

A blind ass, which had begun a long journey, wandered from the road into a forest. As the night came on, the foolish fellow went so far into the thicket that he could not move either backwards or forwards; and even one who had eyes would have been unable to get out of that difficulty. But an owl, by good luck, happened to be in the neighborhood, and offered to act as a guide to the ass. We all know how well owls see at night. Hills, hillocks, ditches, ravines—all these our owl saw as if it had been daylight, and by daybreak he had made his way with the ass to the level road. Now, how could any one part with such a guide? So the ass besought the owl not to desert him, and under-

took to visit the whole world in the owl's company. Our owl seated himself like a lord on the back of the ass, and the two friends began to continue their journey. But did this plan succeed? No. The sun had scarcely begun to glow in the morning sky, when a deeper darkness than the darkness of the night hid everything from the owl's eyes. But our owl is obstinate; he directs the ass by guess-work.—"Take care!" he cries. "We shall tumble into a pool, if we go to the right." There was really no pool on the right; but on the left there was even worse.—"Keep more to the left—another pace to the left!" And the owl and the ass fell into the ravine together.

KRILOF.



THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

In a village there lived an old woman, who one day gathered some beans from her garden to cook for her dinner. She had a good fire on the hearth;

but, to make it burn more quickly, she threw on a handful of straw. As she threw the beans into the pot to boil, one of then fell on the floor unseen by the old woman, and not far from a wisp of straw which was lying near. Suddenly a glowing coal bounced out of the fire, and fell close to them. They both started away and exclaimed. "Dear friend, don't come near me till you are cooler. Whatever brings you out here?"—"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat luckily made me so strong, that I was able to bounce from the fire. Had I not done so, my death would have been certain, and I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

"Then," said the bean, "I have also escaped with a whole skin; for had the old woman put me in the pot with my comrades, I should, without doubt, have been boiled to broth."

"I might have shared the same fate," said the straw; "for all my brothers were pushed into fire and smoke by the old woman. She packed sixty of us in a bundle, and brought us in here to take away our lives; but luckily I contrived to slip through her fingers."—"Well, now, what shall we do with ourselves?" said the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "as we have been so fortunate as to escape death, we may as well be companions, and travel away together to some more friendly country; for here we may expect nothing but new misfortunes."

This proposal was gladly accepted by the two others; so they started at once on their journey together. After travelling a little distance, they

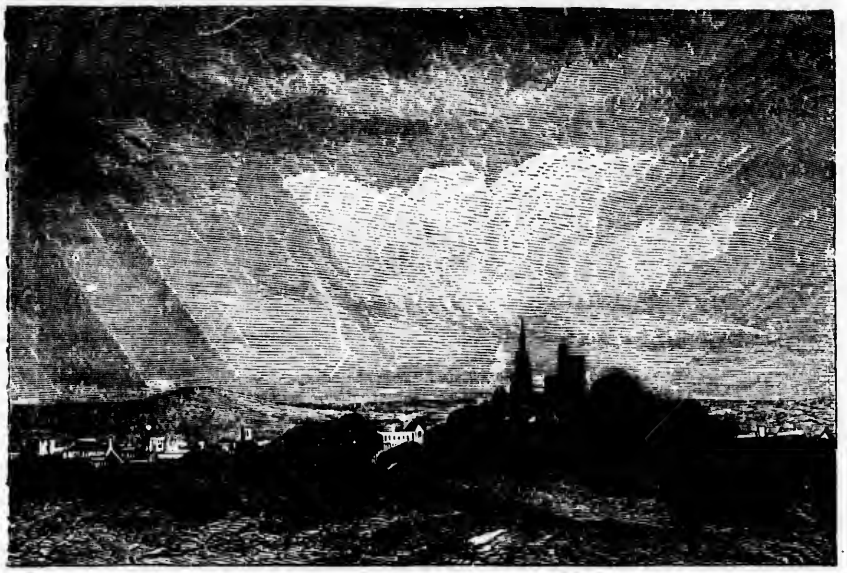
came to a stream, over which there was no bridge of any sort—not even one of wood; so they were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

Then the straw took courage, and said, "I will lay myself across the stream, so that you can step over me, as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from the one shore to the other, and the coal, who from his nature is rather hot-headed, tripped out quite boldly on the newly-built bridge; but when he reached the middle of the stream, and heard the water rushing under him, he was so frightened that he stood still, and dared not move a step further. Sad were the consequences: for the straw, being slightly scorched in the middle by the heat still in the coal, broke in pieces, from its weight, and fell into the brook; the coal, with a hiss, slid after him into the water, and sank to the bottom.

The bean, who had cautiously remained behind on the shore, could not contain herself when she saw what had happened, and laughed so heartily that she burst. Now would she have been in a worse plight than her comrades; but, as good luck would have it, a tailor, who was out on his travels, came to rest by the brook, and noticed the bean. He was a kind-hearted man, so he took a needle and thread out of his pocket, and, taking up the bean, sewed her together. She thanked him very much; but, unfortunately, he had only black thread to sew with, and, in consequence, since that time all beans have a black mark down their backs.

From the German of J. L. *and* W. K. GRIMM.



THE FACTORY GIRL'S HYMN.

1. I love to think of happy heaven,
   The city of our God;
   Where all his little ones are given
   A safe and blest abode.

2. When to my work, through cold and sleet,
   I haste, with feet all bare,
   I think upon the golden street,
   And shining sunlight there.

3. And as I run with eager pace
   Where'er the men desire,
   I think, how wonderful the place
   Where children never tire!

4. And when the noise is loud and long
   Of engines ever near,

I think, how beautiful the song
Which angel children hear!

5. And I am happy all the day,
Whatever task is given;
Because I know this is the way
God trains my soul for heaven.

6. Within the busy factory hall
He bids me serve him well;
And then, for Jesus' sake, I shall
With him in glory dwell.

7. Though some dear children's journey there
Less rough and steep may be,
They are not more our Father's care,
Nor better loved than me.

X. X.

THE WOLF AND THE MAN.

A fox was once telling stories of man's strength to a wolf; and, according to his account, no animal was able to resist him openly, their only resource being cunning, if they hoped to escape his wiles. To this the wolf replied, "If I had only an opportunity of seeing a man, I should not hesitate about attacking him."

"Well," said the fox, "as you seem to be rather courageous in the matter, come to me to-morrow morning early, and I will show you a man."

So the wolf came early, and the fox led him to the road which was taken by the hunters every morning. The first person who appeared was an old disabled soldier.—"Is that a man?" inquired the wolf.—"No," was the reply; "he was once."

Then came a little boy on his way to school.

"Is that a man?" said the wolf.—"No," replied the fox; "but he may become one some day."

A hunter now came, with his double-barrelled gun on his shoulder and his hunting-knife at his side.

"Now," said the fox, "here comes a man—you may attack him if you like, but I shall only consider myself safe when in my cave."—The wolf instantly flew upon the hunter; who, when he saw him, said, "What a pity I have no ball in my rifle!" Nevertheless, taking aim at the wolf's face, he fired a charge of small shot at him. The wolf made wry faces at the unpleasant salute, but, not deterred, he pressed on; upon which the hunter fired the second barrel. The wolf did not show his pain, but seized the man; who, instantly drawing his knife, struck at him right and left, until, bleeding and maimed, the wolf ran howling back to his friend the fox.

"Well, brother wolf," said the fox, "how have you got on with the man?"

"Oh," replied he, "I never could have imagined anything like his strength. First, he took a stick from his shoulder and blew into it, when something flew into my face that scorched me; then he puffed again into the stick, and it was like hail and lightning in my eyes; and when I got nearer to him, he took a polished rib out of his body, with which he beat me so severely that I had nearly been left for dead on the ground."

"Now, you see what a boaster you were," said the fox; "you let your arrow fly so far that you could not find it again."

From the German of J. L. *and* W. K. GRIMM.

MY MOTHER.

1. Who fed me from her gentle breast,
   And hushed me in her arms to rest,
   And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
   My Mother.

2. When sleep forsook my open eye,
   Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
   And rocked me that I should not cry?
   My Mother.

3. Who sat and watched my infant head,
   When sleeping in my cradle bed,
   And tears of sweet affection shed?
   My Mother.

4. When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

5. Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My Mother.

6. Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

7. And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

8. Oh no! the thought I cannot bear:
And, if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

9. When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

10. And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

ANN TAYLOR.

THE ROAD TO THE CLOUDS.

CHAPTER I.

Jeered at the boy deserves to be who is always roasting himself before the fire! Well, boy, you may remain there, afraid to stir out into the world; and you are welcome too to laugh at the other lads, who are fools enough to run about and play, hardening themselves in the pure, cold, frosty winter's day. I will tell you something which, maybe, you are not aware of: no lad that is so fond of himself will ever turn out to be a proper man. There is something worse than chilled hands: that of being in life a chicken-hearted ninny. Such a youngster had better be kept under a glass shade, or be put to bed for the rest of his life. Believe me, it takes a man to battle with life. It won't do for a boy to be

brought up afraid of a breath of bracing winter, like a delicate flower. If so, it will be all the worse for him in after-life.

It is glorious to live where the sun shines on the sparkling fields of snow! How the boys' little hand-sledges glide down the frozen hill! and how merrily the bells tinkle as swiftly they fly past, far out on the ice of the lake below. If you feel cold, well, stay at home, the best place for such as you; or stand aside and look on. The little sledges have nimble runners, and require neither horses nor whip.

Walter was one of those hardy little fellows who never seem to feel cold at all, even if he had forgotten his mittens. If the tip of his merry little nose was a bit frozen, well—then he blew it and was as jolly as ever. If his fingers ached with cold, he rubbed them with snow against one another, and beat his arms across his chest. Afraid he never was—not he, unless he had done something wrong, and then he felt ashamed to look anybody in the face. God brands every evil-doer with disgrace, so that everybody can read it in their faces. He did so with Cain, and he does so still: they all carry it in their eyes.

On the steep mountain slope near the lake was a path which was called the "Road to the Clouds;" because, looking up from below, it seemed to lead straight to the sky. No horse could ascend this high hill; but all the boys in the neighborhood did so with their tiny sledges, and a fine sight it was. The Road to the Clouds was divided half-way up by a piece of level ground; so that those who did not venture to start from the summit could con-

tent themselves with a run half-way down, when the speed would not be quite so terrific.

It was a fine winter day, and the boys were thoroughly enjoying the fun of flying down the hill on their tiny tinkling sledges. Some of them had little girls sitting in front; and then it required all their skill and nerve to steer the swift sledge properly through the twistings and turnings, and sometimes it happened that the young lasses would scream with fright. "Don't be afraid; it is all right!" the boys would shout in return. And really the sledging went off splendidly: rapidly they sped far out on the ice. To be sure, now and then a sledge would tumble over with its merry occupants, and then some lost their caps, or got a scratch on the nose; but they did not mind that a bit, and they would soon resume their sport, merrier than ever.

Father Christmas had brought Walter a small sledge, which was quite peerless in its way. It was shod with iron, which soon became polished by the friction. It could be steered by reins, as if drawn by a horse, if its master did not care to direct its course with his heels when he sat across it. It was christened "Pikku-Buck," because it overtook all other sledges going down hill, and then would give them a punch in the back. Pikku-Buck and Walter were great chums. I wish you could have seen them darting down the glassy road. They came shooting along in a whirlwind of snow, as if direct from the clouds. In fact, the little sledge was a wonder of speed and beauty, and Walter never grew tired of telling its merits.

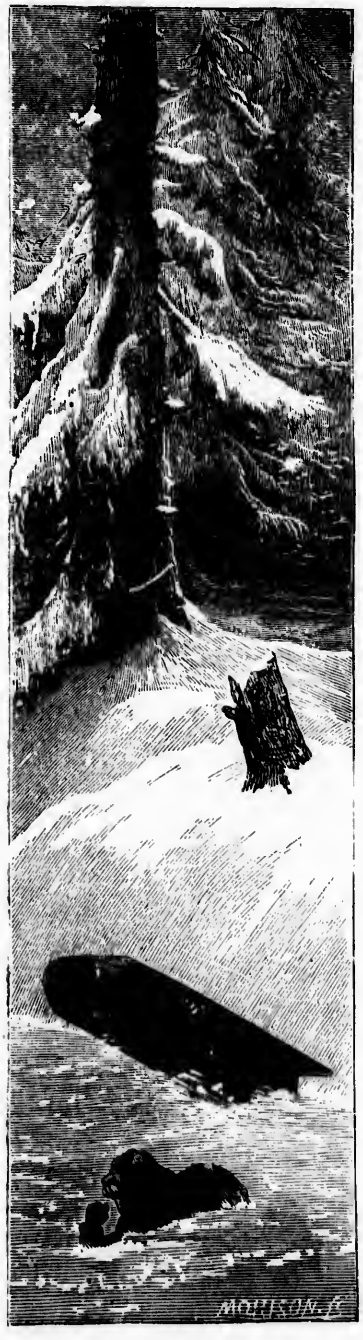
By the side of the Road to the Clouds was another high hill, up which no path had been made; and the space between had been named by the youngsters the "Land of Sugar;" and anyone who ventured on its treacherous ground was at once engulfed in its soft snow, just as if caught in a trap of powdered sugar (hence the name), and nothing remained on the sparkling surface but his cap to tell where the luckless boy had gone.

No one had ever dared to risk the plunge, not even the rashest of the dauntless boys. But Walter, relying on his trusty Pikku-Buck, resolved upon a dash into the Land of Sugar. No sooner said than done, and all the little girls and boys stared at him in amazement.

CHAPTER II.

Walter mounted the highest point of the rocky snow-clad hill, and Pikku-Buck followed in his track like a faithful dog. When they could get no higher, the young master took the reins, and, giving the word of command, steered straight into the snowy field of the Land of Sugar. Pikku-Buck obeyed, of course, and darted at full speed—not forward, but downward on his nose! Walter, riding on Pikku-Buck, disappeared in an instant, and nothing was seen of him but his cap, left as a landmark to tell where he had been buried in the soft, yielding snow.

He shut his eyes when he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper, and fluttering to the ground like a crow shot on the wing. At last he got an awful *whack* on his head. When he looked up he found



himself with Pikku-Buck in front of a splendid palace of ice, with pillars of glittering crystal, and banqueting halls whose very walls shone like silver. King Winter hurried out from his castle, clothed in a dress of wolfskin and bearskin. He had a long, wavy beard of hoar-frost; and on his arm leaned his queen, dressed in snowy-white robes, and with a coronet of ice diamonds on her brow. "Welcome to my dominions!" said the frosty king. "When once here you will never return. I like plucky little rascals like you; and I appoint you master of the revels at my court, and you and Pikku-Buck shall be made much of."

"I like that very much," said Walter, "but I should like still better to get something nice and warm to eat, for I am awfully hungry."

"Very well, come with me," said the king coldly, "and I'll first dip you in icy water, and you shall have an ice-pudding, such as you have never eaten before,

made of delicious frozen dew-drops, and sugared all over with crystallized snow."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Snowbeard," answered Walter, "but your account of it has given me enough."

"You little vagabond!" said the king, enraged, "I'll teach you to despise my kindly-offered gifts.—Come here, my chilly queen. Breathe on this Will-o'-the-wisp and turn him into a snowbird, doomed to be constantly on the wing in the boundless realm of King Winter."

The soft-featured, graceful Queen of Snow, fanned on Walter a cold, icy wind, which shivered him into little atoms, and he found his spirit had become enveloped in a little snow-flake, which danced merrily away amongst billions of other little brothers and sisters between heaven and earth. It was a delightful feeling of unbounded freedom, but still a sad, cold fate; and the worst of all, perhaps, was that he could not help feeling anxious about Pikku-Buck.

He looked around very earnestly, and found himself lying in his own cosy bed at home; but his head felt very heavy. Around the bed stood his parents and brothers and sisters; and his mother said softly, "Thank Heaven, he is getting better!"

"Where am I?" asked Walter, as he sat upright. "Have I not been riding on Pikku-Buck in the Land of Sugar? Did I not meet King Winter, who wanted to dip me in his sea of ice; and his

chilling queen, who changed me into a snow-flake? How have I been able to return home?"

"My dear boy," said his papa, "your mind has indeed been wandering; but you have forgotten that, like a booby, you sped down the high hill with your head foremost, so that you at last got a nasty thump against the trunk of a tree. The other boys pulled you out of the snow-drift; and in consequence of the blow, you have been dreaming about the Land of Sugar. But you must keep very quiet now, and have your head bathed in cold water; then you will soon be all right again."

"But where is Pikku-Buck?" asked Walter, who could scarcely realize the fact.

"Pikku-Buck has broken his nose in the adventure, and is waiting at the back door for you to get well again and have him mended."

Finland Idyls, from the Swedish of ZACH. TOPELIUS.

THE HANGING NESTS.

The little birds that live in the forest have a great many enemies. The monkey likes to peep into their nests, to see if there is anything in them that he can run away with. He is as fond of eggs as we are.

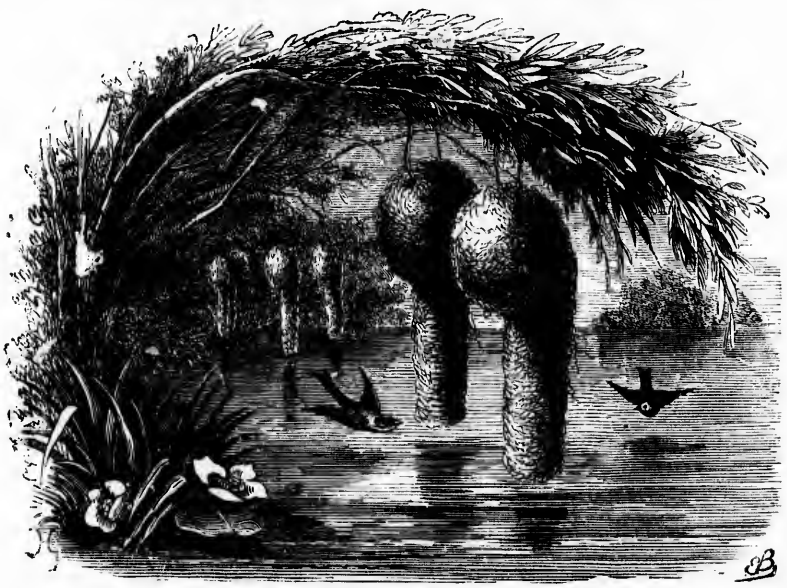
Then there comes the snake, winding slowly up the tree. If the poor mother bird sees him, she is in great distress. She flies round and round his head, making a screaming noise, as if she hoped to drive him away. But the snake takes no notice. His bright eye is fixed upon her. If she does not

mind, she will flutter too near. He will open his great jaws and eat her up.

What is the little bird to do, with such deadly enemies around her?

Nature tells her what to do. It teaches her to build her nest in as safe a place as she can find; and to make it in such a way that neither snake nor monkey can get in.

The nest in the picture is a little like a pouch



or pocket. It hangs from a tree over a stream or river. It has an opening at the bottom, and the little bird is just going to fly in. She will fly up a dark, narrow passage, to the place where you see the pouch bulge out. Here the nest really is; and here she can sit upon her eggs, without any fear of the snake or of the monkey.

No creature, that has not wings to fly as she does, can come in.

M. AND E. KIRBY.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

The winds are piping loud to-night,
The waves roll strong and high;
God pity the watchful mariner
Who toils 'neath yonder sky!

I saw the vessel speed away
With a free, majestic sweep,
At evening, as the sun went down
To his palace in the deep.

An aged crone sat on the beach,
And, pointing to the ship,
"She 'll never return again," she said,
With a scorn upon her lip.

The morn rose tempestuous,
The winds blew to the shore,
There were corpses on the sand that morn;
But the ship came nevermore!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE SQUIRREL.

He lived inside the trunk of an old gnarled oak tree. The entrance was very small; but, when you got well in, you might have seen a great big room, several feet deep, for the trunk was hollow from where the first branches stretched out their arms right down to the roots. It was a splendid store-room for nuts and acorns; but it was greatly wanted, for the squirrel who lived there had got in his head that the more he could gather, the more happiness he would enjoy when he grew old.

All round the oak was a thick hazel-wood, where grew the finest nuts, so that there was every reason to think that the squirrel had excellent prospects of making his way in the world and living comfortably. But the squirrel himself did not think so, and it really cut him to the heart when sometimes he saw another squirrel coming to the hazel-wood to gather

bunches of nuts there. Then he set to work to scare away the intruder; for he was determined to keep the nuts all to himself.

From the moment that the squirrel had left his parents, who lived on the other side of the wood, he had begun collecting stores of his own. Everything that he thought of any value whatever, he picked up and hid in the trunk of the old oak tree.

"You are preparing for house-keeping, I perceive," chirped a little robin, who was sitting on a small twig of the tree, cocking his head on one side, and contemplating the ceaseless work of the squirrel.

"Oh, dear me, no; it won't be sufficient even for myself," sighed the impudent little hypocrite of a squirrel. "Really, I haven't been able to gather enough to suffice for one single day."

"Oh! come now, you have got heaps down in the hollow," said the little robin, winking his eye knowingly.

"'Tis not true!" said the squirrel, in a passion. "I possess nothing. And if you spread any such rumor about me, I'll just bite your head off when I get hold of you."

"Don't flurry yourself, neighbor. I merely thought you worked so hard with the intention of soon having your wedding day."

"A poor thing like me can't afford to marry."

"Oh, my dear friend, if you get a good wife she will relieve you of half the burden of life, and make everything happy around you. I know a little lady-squirrel, pretty, and a good housekeeper, and if you like, I'll fly away and pop the question for you."

"Are you mad?" cried the squirrel, looking frightened. "A wife! and have my snuggery all crowded with hungry youngsters! That would indeed be the greatest misfortune that could befall me."

"Don't say that, for what is life without love," twittered the little robin; and he gave a trill of pure delight at the mere thought of his mate, whom he soon hoped to meet. But at this moment the squirrel ran away, to continue his restless labor of adding to his stores.

The season came on when the nuts and acorns were ripe. The squirrel gathered from early dawn till late at night, as long as he was able to see the nuts. He grudged himself a minute's rest, and all the day kept on running with whole clusters of nuts, and dropping them down into his big store-room in the oak. Often he would not eat anything from morning till evening; and when night came, and he was sitting on his heaped-up treasure of nuts, he even grudged himself a good meal, and would instead go out to pick up some seeds and any other eatables he could find in the dark. When he returned to his nest, faint and worn out from fasting and work, he still felt a certain pleasure in seeing that he had gathered such a heap of nuts, that it would take weeks, perhaps months, to be able to count them.

"I can't feel quite happy, though, before I have got my store quite full," he thought; and gloating over his wealth, he fell asleep. However, he could never enjoy a perfect sleep, for at least every quarter of an hour he would wake to see that no one came to take anything from the hoarded treasure.

Late in the autumn there came one day to the oak an old squirrel, who had had the misfortune of being bitten by a dog, so that he now was unable to jump about amongst the trees and find food for himself. And so he had to become a beggar, and wander about in the woods, asking other squirrels to give him something to live upon during the winter that soon would set in. Every one gave the poor cripple something—those who had least perhaps gave the most; but when the beggar came to this squirrel, who had his whole store-room so full of the finest nuts, the stingy fellow snapped at him in a rage, and said: "I have worked like a slave for what little I have, and it won't be enough for me, let alone anybody else, and I can't afford to throw anything away to beggars and tramps such as you."

The poor cripple was not even able to get a hearing from the rich squirrel, who quite drew a breath of relief when the poor beggar had limped off.

The frost came, and still more intent became the squirrel on his work of gathering in. There was now only just enough room left for the owner to creep in.

But even *that* he wanted to fill up, and so off he went again, hieing along from branch to branch; away and then home, away again and home again; and one evening, just as the snow was coming on, the store-room was at last quite full, to the very entrance. Yes, so crammed full that the squirrel himself had to remain outside.

Now the moment had arrived when the wealthy squirrel had expected to feel quite happy. He tried

also to persuade himself that he really was happy; but somehow he did not quite succeed. Certainly, he felt quite cosy and content at the thought of the thousands upon thousands of nuts he had hoarded in the hollow trunk; but for all that, he trembled and shivered, for the evening grew cold. During the night he felt quite stiff in his limbs from the frost, and he would have liked to creep into the hollow of the oak tree; but to get room he would have been compelled to throw out a great number of nuts, and that he grudged.

"Hu! hu! hu! where's the wife that would have helped me now?" the squirrel thought, shivering, for he felt that he was ill and needed assistance.

But not a living creature was to be seen, for he had driven everybody away long ago with his greediness.

And the cold increased, and the squirrel became more and more stiff in his limbs, till at last, when he thought he would sacrifice a portion of his treasures to gain entrance to his nest, he was too weak to pull out the nuts; and when the early dawn was gray he was dead, and sat erect in death, with his eyes wide open, for he had not even a friend to close them.

The next day the little robin flew to the distant poor relations of the rich squirrel and told them what had happened; and they all hastened immediately to the old oak tree, and had a jolly time of it dividing the treasure.

Who pitied the poor rich dead miser? I fear not one of them.

From the Swedish of RICH. GUSTAFSSON.

THE CANARY'S FUNERAL.

1. My little bird, I'll lay you
   Where the cowslips soon will wave
   Their pretty heads above you,
   In your solitary grave.
   Cruel were the hands that brought you
   From your sunny home afar,
   Where yet among the forests
   All your brother-nestlings are.

2. My little bird, I loved you,
   And I made your exile sweet—
   I knew it by the warbling
   That was sure my steps to greet.

I watched, and nursed, and fed you,
All to make you brave and strong;
But winter, cold and sullen,
Came and hushed your pleasant song.

3. My little bird, I'll lay you
Where the cowslips soon will wave
Their pretty heads above you,
In your solitary grave.
But then, in fond remembrance,
And to fill your place, I'll take
Another little exile,
And love it for your sake.

X. X.

FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR.

A wretched beggar, carrying a ragged old wallet, was creeping along from house to house; and, as he grumbled at his lot, he kept wondering that folks who lived in rich houses, and were up to their throats in money, and had endless comforts, should always be unsatisfied, however full their pockets might be; and that they should go so far as often to lose all they have, through craving for, and laying their hands on, new riches. "Here, for instance," he said, "the former master of this house was well off, and made himself very rich by trade. But then, instead of stopping, and handing over his business to another, and spending the rest of his years in peace, he took to fitting out ships for the sea in the spring. He hoped to get mountains of gold; but the ships were wrecked, and his treasures were swallowed up by the waves. Now they all lie at the bottom of the sea, and he has found his

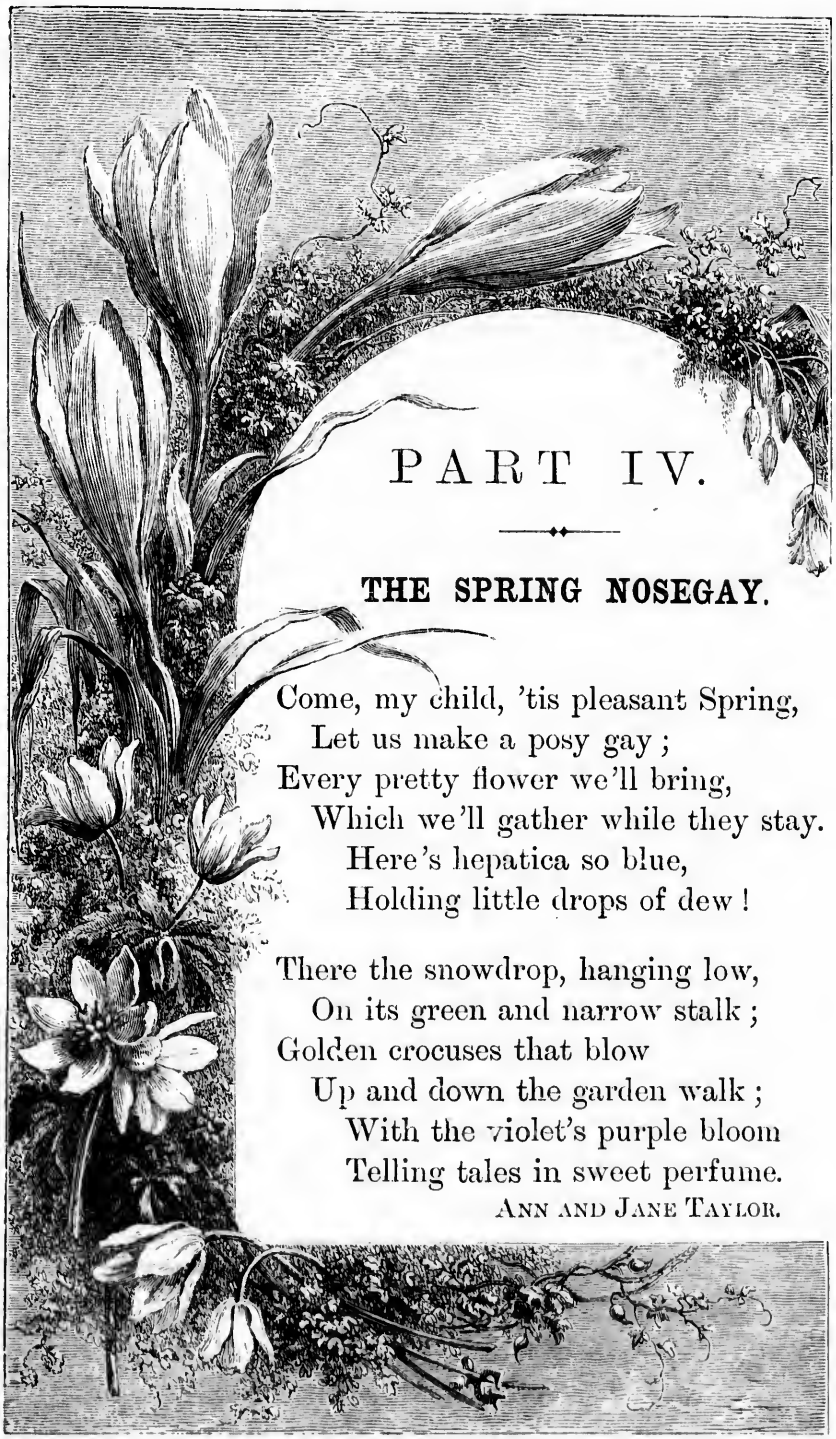
riches melt away like those in dreams. Another man became one of the farmers of the spirit-tax, and so gained a million. That was a trifle; he wanted to double it. So he plunged up to his ears in schemes for making money, and was utterly ruined. Indeed, instances of this kind are countless. And quite right too; a man should use discretion."

At this moment Fortune suddenly appeared to the beggar, and said: "Listen! I have long wished to help you. Here is a lot of gold coins I have found. Hold out your wallet, and I will fill it with them; but only on this condition:—All shall be gold that falls into the wallet; but if any of it falls out of the wallet to the ground, it shall become dust. Consider this well. I have warned you beforehand. I shall keep strictly to my bargain. Your wallet is old; don't load it beyond its strength."

Our beggar is too overjoyed to breathe. He scarcely feels the ground beneath his feet. He opens his wallet, and with generous hand a golden stream of ducats is poured into it. The wallet soon becomes rather heavy.

"Is that enough?" "Not yet."—"Isn't it cracking?" "Never fear."—"Consider; you're quite a Crœsus." "Just a little more; just add a handful."—"There, it's full. Take care; the wallet is going to burst." "Just a little bit more."—But at that moment the wallet split; the treasure fell through, and turned to dust; and Fortune disappeared. The beggar had nothing but his empty wallet, and remained as poor as before.

IVAN A. KRILOF (1768-1844).



PART IV.

THE SPRING NOSEGAY.

Come, my child, 'tis pleasant Spring,
Let us make a posy gay;
Every pretty flower we'll bring,
Which we'll gather while they stay.
Here's hepatica so blue,
Holding little drops of dew!

There the snowdrop, hanging low,
On its green and narrow stalk;
Golden crocuses that blow
Up and down the garden walk;
With the violet's purple bloom
Telling tales in sweet perfume.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

THE DORMOUSE.

The little Dormouse is tawny red;
He makes against winter a nice snug bed:
He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
Where the plants in the summer grow tall and rank.
Away from the daylight, far underground,
His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound;
And when all above him it freezes and snows,
What is it to him, for he nought of it knows?
And till the cold time of the winter is gone,
The little dormouse keeps sleeping on.

But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,
When the green leaves bud, and the merry birds sing,
And the dread of the winter is over and past,
The little dormouse peeps out at last.
Out of his snug quiet burrow he wends,
And looks all about for his neighbors and friends;
Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,—
"'Tis a beautiful day for the first day of March!
The violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear;
The lark is upspringing—his carol I hear;
And in the green fields are the lamb and the foal;
I am glad I 'm not sleeping now down in my hole!"
Then away he runs, in his merry mood,
Over the fields and into the wood,
To find any grain there may chance to be,
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree.
So from early morning till late at night
Has the poor little creature his own delight,
Looking down to the earth and up to the sky,
Thinking, "Oh! what a happy dormouse am I!"

MRS. HOWITT.

THE COWSLIPS.

The whole hill was bright with blue and white violets, but down by the side of the ditch, which lay basking in the sun of early spring, grew a family of newborn cowslips. They were the very first ones which the sunbeam had awakened with its kiss, and they were rejoicing in the morning of life.

"Hey! here comes the west wind to rock us!" one of them called out, and swayed to and fro on its tall stalk

"The sun has colored me so that I shine like bright gold," said another, and nodded to the sun.

"To stand here on the edge of the ditch and bask in the sunlight is most delightful," whispered a third; and they all agreed that no one could be happier than they.

Suddenly two children's piercing voices were heard, and two ragged little girls hastened to where the cowslips grew.

"Oh, look what pretty cowslips!"

"They are the first this year!"

"I am so glad we have found them."

"We will gather them and make little bunches."

"And then we will go to town and sell them."

The flowers all quivered when they heard their fate; and they were ready to cry when they felt the children break their stems and carry them away from the sunny ditch.

When the children came home to their little cottage, they placed the cowslips in old broken bottles into which they poured water, and there they had to remain during the night. It was a very different lot from being out in the glorious sunshine. The hut was dark and dismal; and in a bed lay the mother of the children, ailing and moaning.

"We have found some cowslips, mother!" cried the children. The poor mother stretched forth her hands to embrace her little ones.

"Early to-morrow morning we will go to town and sell the flowers, and with the money we will buy something nice for you, mother, that will make you well again."

A faint smile hovered for a moment over her lips, and her eyes glowed as she fixed them on the children clinging to her bedside.

A strange feeling came suddenly over the cowslips, and somehow they fancied that the room was no longer dark and dreary;—nay, that it was even much lighter than it had been out on the edge of the ditch. And the children's voices sounded even prettier than the thrush's song amongst the woodlands; and the look from the mother's eyes felt

warmer than the sunbeams. The little flowers, that but a while ago had been so sad, now felt glad that the children had taken them with them, and they did not get a wink of sleep the whole night from sheer joyous excitement.

In the morning the cowslips were arranged in a neat little bunch, and the little girls carried them to the large town, where everything appeared only in the colors of gray and white, and where no flowers peered forth to enjoy the gladness of the laughing sunshine. The children went to the market-place, and soon a fine lady came and looked at the cowslips.

"Cowslips already!" she said, and bent down to smell their fragrance: and the little flowers tried to do their best; for they thought, "If we please the fine lady well, the little ones will get more money for us."

And the fine lady took the cowslips, and gave the little children a large silver coin. They looked first at the coin, and then at each other, and their eyes beamed with joy as they nodded good-bye to the cowslips, which were now carried up into a large house, and placed in a gilded vase. There they remained a few days in water, and then they began to wither.

"If we had remained on the edge of the ditch, certainly we should have lived longer," one of the flowers whispered; "but rather than enjoy myself a whole summer, I prefer to wither here, with the pleasure of knowing that I have brought happiness to others." All the other cowslips joyfully agreed

with this one; and then they thought of the little children, and how happy they must have felt when they met their mother. And at this thought all the little flowers gave out their last fragrance, and with a sigh breathed their last in life, and sank down withered and dead in the gilded vase.

From the Swedish of RICH. GUSTAFSSON.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"*I'll* master it!" said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

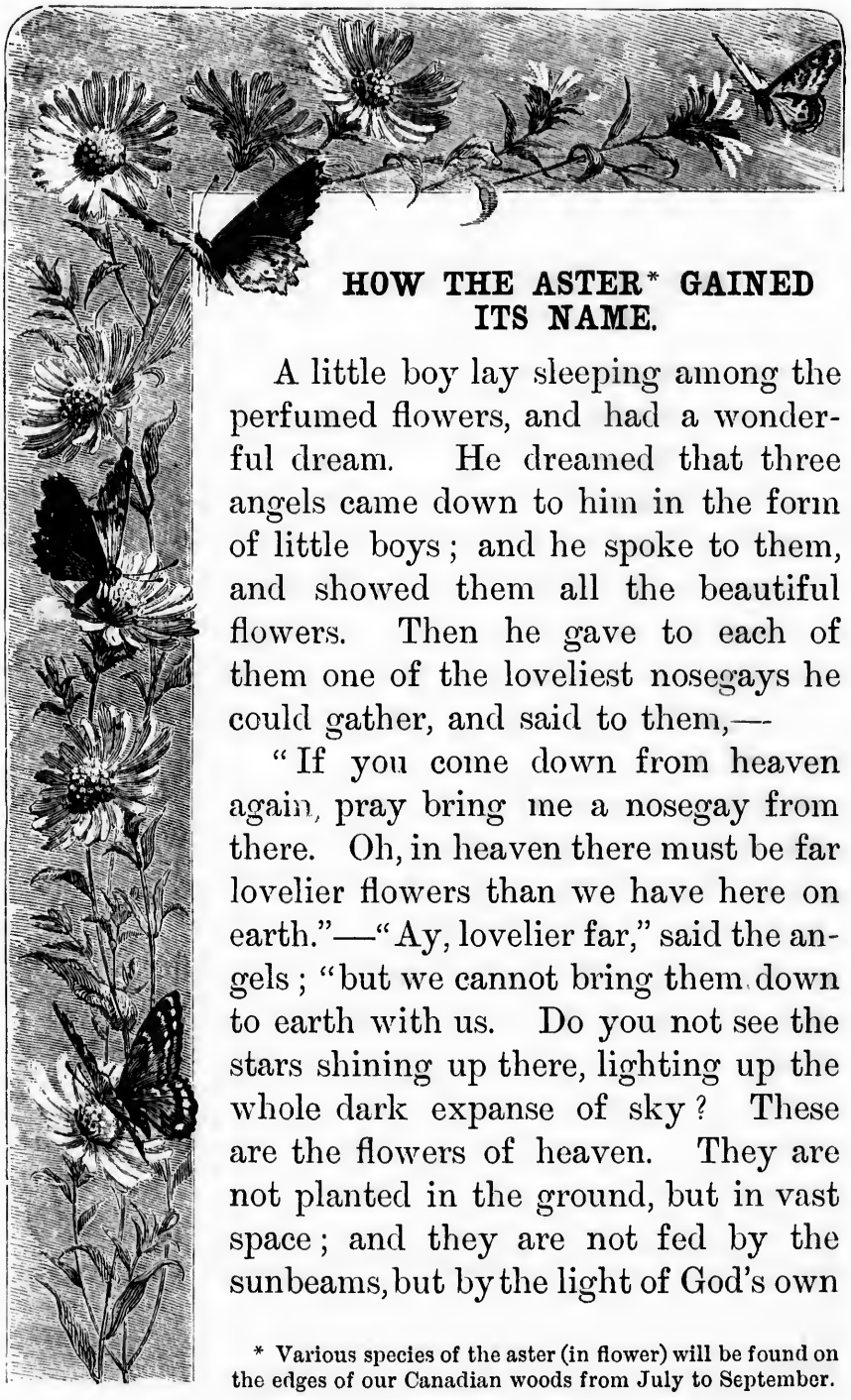
"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer; "I knew you wouldn't succeed. *I'll* show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall *I* try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist *love*.

MRS. PROSSER.



HOW THE ASTER* GAINED ITS NAME.

A little boy lay sleeping among the perfumed flowers, and had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that three angels came down to him in the form of little boys; and he spoke to them, and showed them all the beautiful flowers. Then he gave to each of them one of the loveliest nosegays he could gather, and said to them,—

"If you come down from heaven again, pray bring me a nosegay from there. Oh, in heaven there must be far lovelier flowers than we have here on earth."—"Ay, lovelier far," said the angels; "but we cannot bring them down to earth with us. Do you not see the stars shining up there, lighting up the whole dark expanse of sky? These are the flowers of heaven. They are not planted in the ground, but in vast space; and they are not fed by the sunbeams, but by the light of God's own

* Various species of the aster (in flower) will be found on the edges of our Canadian woods from July to September.

loving eye. That is why they bloom and shine so gloriously, so that no earthly blossom can compare with them. But though we cannot pluck a star for you from the heavenly gardens, yet we will bring you a tiny seed from one of the flowers: you can sow it in your little garden; and watch it well, to see what will become of it." With these words, the angels vanished.

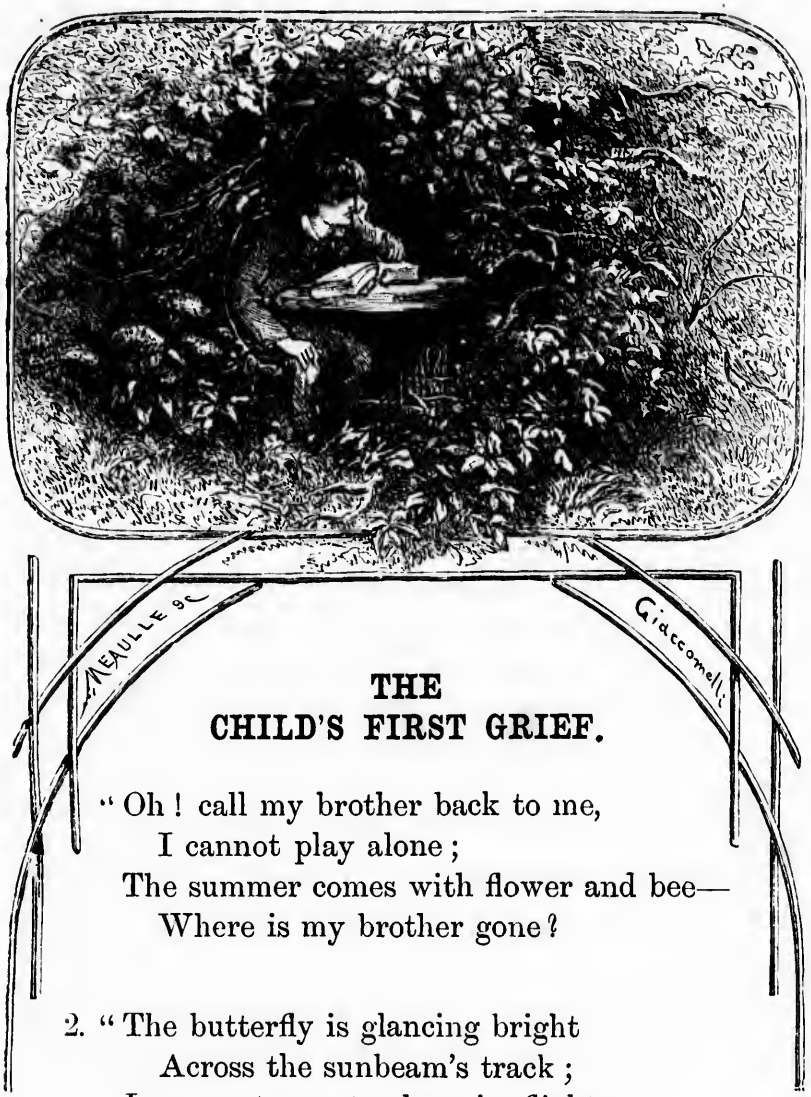
When the boy awoke, he found the tiny seed beside his pillow of moss and violets. He bore it in his clenched hand to his little garden, and buried it beneath the earth. Daily he watered it with clear water, and watched. And he told all his little friends how he had planted a star in his garden; and the children came together every evening, to see whether it had yet appeared. At length, in the autumn, it grew into a beautiful variegated flower of round shape; and a little crown of pointed blades ensheathed it, just like a lovely star. The children tended it with most anxious care, and called it by the heavenly name of aster; for aster means, in English, *a star*. And this is how the star-like flower gained its name.

W. ALLSON.

THE ASTER.

The autumn wood the aster knows,
The empty nest, the wind that grieves,
The sunlight breaking through the shade,
The squirrel chattering overhead,
The timid rabbit's lighter tread
  Among the rustling leaves.
And still beside the shadowy glen
She holds the color of the skies:
Along the purpling wayside steep
She hangs her fringes passing deep;
And meadows, drowned in happy sleep,
  Are lit by starry eyes.

DORA READ GOODALE.



THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

2. "The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back.

3. "The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me."—

4. "He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once, like spring-time, smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see!

5. "A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven!"—

6. "And has he left the buds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

7. "And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

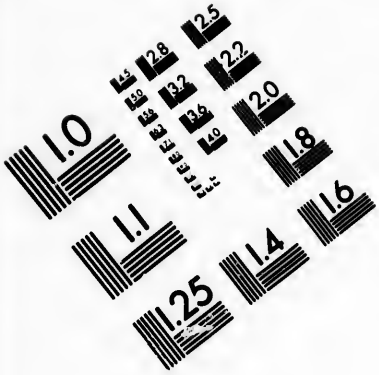
MRS. HEMANS.

WRITE:—

but-ter-fly	*heav-en*	*beau-ti-ful*
glan-cing	*wan-der-ings*	*ho-ly*
sun-beams	*pon-der-ous*	*pray-er*
droop-ing	*vel-vet*	*sur-prise*
spring-time	*pon-der*	*dove-like*

SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door," said his grandmother. "I feel the cold wintry wind; besides, you will have to



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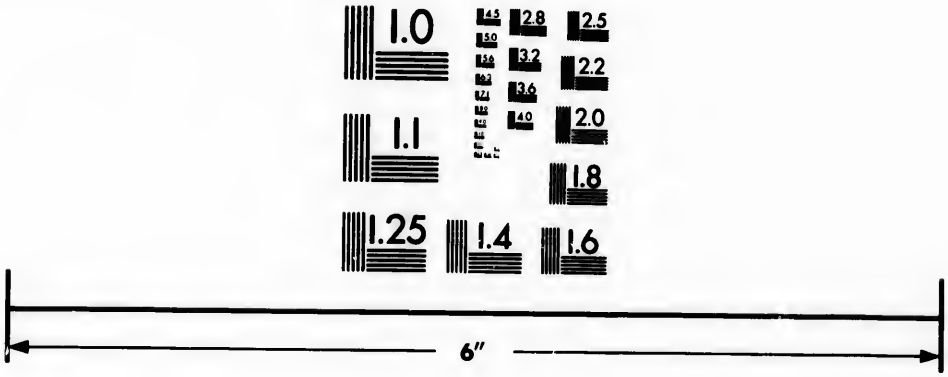

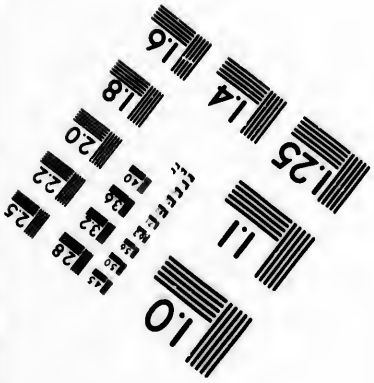

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spend all your life shutting doors, so you may as well begin now."

"Do forgive me, grandmother; I ought to be ashamed for vexing you.—But what do you mean? I am going to college, you know; and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that," said his grandmother. "I imagine you will have a good many doors to shut, if you are ever to become much of a man."

"What kind of doors?" said Edward. "Do tell me, grandmother."

"Sit down a moment, and I will tell you," said the old lady.

"In the first place, Edward, the door of your *ears* must be closed against bad language, and the bad advice of the boys and young men you will meet with.

"The door of your *eyes*, too, must be shut against bad books, and low, wicked papers, else your lessons will not be learned, and you will grow up to be an ignorant man.

"You must also close your eyes sometimes against the fine things placed for sale in shop windows, else you will never learn to save money, or have any left to give away.

"The door of your *lips* will need much care; for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and the ears.

"This door must be constantly watched, else it will let out false, angry, trifling, or vulgar words.

"The inner door of your *heart* must be well shut

against temptation; for Conscience, the door-keeper, is apt to grow very careless, and sometimes he drops asleep at his post.

"If you carefully guard the doors of the ears, eyes, and lips, you will keep out many wicked things. This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddy, will be a serious business—one on which your well-being in this life and the next depends."

Edward thanked his grandmother; and all through life he remembered the lesson she had taught him.

WRITE:—

bus-iness	*a-gainst*	*watched*
win-try	*ad-vice*	*temp-ta-tion*
shut-ting	*ig-no-rant*	*con-science*
a-shamed	*guard*	*care-ful-ly*
vex-ing	*un-ru-ly*	*grand-moth-er*
ad-mit-ting	*com-pa-ny*	*re-mem-bered*
i-mag-ine	*con-stant-ly*	*law-yer*

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

1. Young Ella was sent to fill
   Her pitcher at a well;
   She must not linger on the hill,
   Or loiter in the dell.
   "Return home quickly," said her mother,
   "And help to nurse your baby brother."

2. But Ella's foolish heart was set
   On frolic and on play,
   She said she loved her mother, yet
   She cared not to obey.

She would not practise self-denial,
To nurse the child was such a trial.

3. And now when Raby she espied
Lie basking in the sun,
She put her duty quite aside,
To have a little fun ;—
To gambol and to run with Raby
Was pleasanter than rocking baby.

4. "Now leap, sir, leap !"—he leapt with glee,
Then ran in circles wide ;
Loud barked the dog, and loud laughed she,
And loud the baby cried !
At last, in bounding o'er the clover,
Doggie knocked the pitcher over.

5. The frolic then was changed to dread,
The pleasure into pain,
And bitter tears poor Ella shed,
But knew her tears were vain;
They could not make her mother richer,
Or mend the matter—or the pitcher!

6. A gentle, pitying friend drew near,
Who whispered, "Dry your eyes;
Go home and own the truth, my dear,
And learn to be more wise;—
That sorrow may not follow laughter,
Put duty first, and pleasure after!"

A. L. O. E.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

Do you see those red streaks in the sky? I wonder where they come from. Volumes of smoke keep rolling on, and there is a queer crackling noise. The noise seems to come nearer and nearer, and now it rolls along with a mighty sound like thunder. On come the red, leaping flames. It is easy to see what is the matter. The prairie is on fire! I cannot tell who has done the mischief. Perhaps an Indian left his fire burning, or dropped a spark from his pipe; or the dry weather has lasted a long time, and the grass has taken fire of its own accord. At any rate, the mischief is done. If men are at hand, they try to save themselves by burning a large space all round where they stand. When the fire gets to the bare place it stops. There is nothing more for it to burn. But such a fire as this has got beyond the power of any one to stop.

SOMEBODY'S DARLINGS.

1. Somebody's darlings are floating
Away on the restless sea;
All hearts will ache in the home-nests,—
Oh, where will the darlings be?

2. Will the cruel, treacherous waves,
Bear them safely o'er the deep?
Will they rock in this cradle-bed,
And sweetly, peacefully sleep?

3. Oh, how happy were the birdlings,
When they fluttered from the nest!
Dancing up and down the pathway,
Stopping here and there to rest.

4. They ran gayly along the shore,
   They laughed at the rippling wave;
   The pebbles and shells they gathered,
   Yet they did not care to save.

5. "We'll ride in this funny waggon,"
   They shouted in childish glee;
   They clambered into the dory,
   As merry as they could be.

6. They rode, as babies often ride
   Rocking in their cozy beds;
   Yet not so safe was the journey,
   With spray dashing o'er their heads.

7. "Oh, see! we are riding so fast,
   We can cross the ocean wide;
   Oh, we'll have the nicest supper,
   When we reach the other side!"

8. Poor little darlings! no supper
   Did one of them taste that night;
   When deep slumber closed their eyelids,
   They were far far out of sight.

9. But Love, all tender, was o'er them;
   It guided the searching boats;
   Each throbbing heart it comforted,
   And revived all drooping hopes.

10. Fervent the thanks that ascended
    From each darling's home next morn;
    For safely sheltered from danger
    Was each at earliest dawn.

TELLING MOTHER.

A number of girls were standing talking together, when another girl joined them, and asked what they were speaking about.

"I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate; and we will let you know, if you promise not to tell any one," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"But you must not tell even your mother; you must tell no one in the world."

"Well, then, I can't hear it; *for what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to know.*"

I am sure that, if Kate continue to act in that way, she will become a good and useful woman.

As soon as boys and girls listen to words at school, or in the play-ground, which they would

fear or blush to repeat to their mother, they are in the way of temptation, and no one can tell what may become of them.

Many a man has looked back with great sorrow to the time when first he allowed a sinful companion to come between him and his mother.

Boys and girls! if you would lead truthful lives, make Kate's reply your rule: "What I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know;" for your mother is your *best friend.*

'Tis wrong for you to do a thing
  That mother must not know;
And should your playmates, old or young,
  E'er tell you so to do,
Leave them at once, and quickly go
  To your dear mother's side,
Tell her—for well she knows what's wrong—
  And she will be your guide.

LINES FROM "ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other devotion abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain:
Slumbers, soft, calm, o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH A. AKERS.

TWILIGHT.

1. The twilight is sad and cloudy,
   The wind blows wild and free,
   And, like the wings of sea-birds,
   Flash the white caps of the sea.

2. But in the fisherman's cottage
   There shines a ruddier light,
   And a little face at the window
   Peers out into the night.

3. Close, close it is pressed to the window,
   As if those childish eyes
   Were looking into the darkness
   To see some form arise.

4. And a woman's waving shadow
   Is passing to and fro—
   Now rising to the ceiling,
   Now bowing and bending low.

5. What tale do the roaring ocean
   And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
   As they beat at the crazy casement,
   Tell to that little child?

6. And why do the roaring ocean
   And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
   As they beat at the heart of the mother,
   Drive the color from her cheek?

LONGFELLOW.

PEACE, BE STILL!

1. Fear was within the tossing bark
   When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
   And the tall mast was bowed.

2. And men stood breathless in their dread,
   And baffled in their skill;
But ONE was there, who rose and said
   To the wild sea—*Be still!*

3. And the wind ceased—it ceased! that word
   Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
   And fell beneath His eye.

4. And slumber settled on the deep,
   And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
   When sultry day is past.

5. O Thou that in its wildest hour
   Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek spirit forth in power,
   Soft on our souls to brood!

6 Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
   Thy mandate to fulfil,
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
   Speak, and say, *Peace, be still!*

MRS. HEMANS.

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER.

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them: their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, who was clapping his hands. The soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table where they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little dancing lady, who stood at the open door of the castle. She was also cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf;

and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face!

When the evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and at "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nut-cracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table; there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the tin soldier and the dancing lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg, and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve—and, bounce!—the lid flew off the snuff-box, but there was not snuff in it, but a little black goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin soldier!" said the goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the tin soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible fall! He put his leg straight up,

and stuck with helmet downwards and with his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him; but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the soldier had cried out "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it manly to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them; "there lies a tin soldier. He must come out and sail in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the tin soldier in the middle of it; and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. How the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so fast that the tin soldier trembled; but he stood firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the goblin's fault."

Suddenly there came a great water rat, which lived in the drain.

"Have you a ticket?" said the rat. "Give me your ticket."

But the tin soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood, "Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll!—he hasn't shown his ticket!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think—just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor tin soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge—it must sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancer, and how he should never see her again; and it sounded in the soldier's ears—

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!"

And now the paper parted, and the tin soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow too. But the tin soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket. The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The tin soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the soldier round the body with both her hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had travelled about in a fish; but the tin soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there—no! What curious things may happen in the world! The tin soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! he saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little dancer. She was hardy too. That moved the tin soldier: he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the tin soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the goblin in the snuff-box. The tin soldier stood there quite lighted up, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat came from the real fire or from love

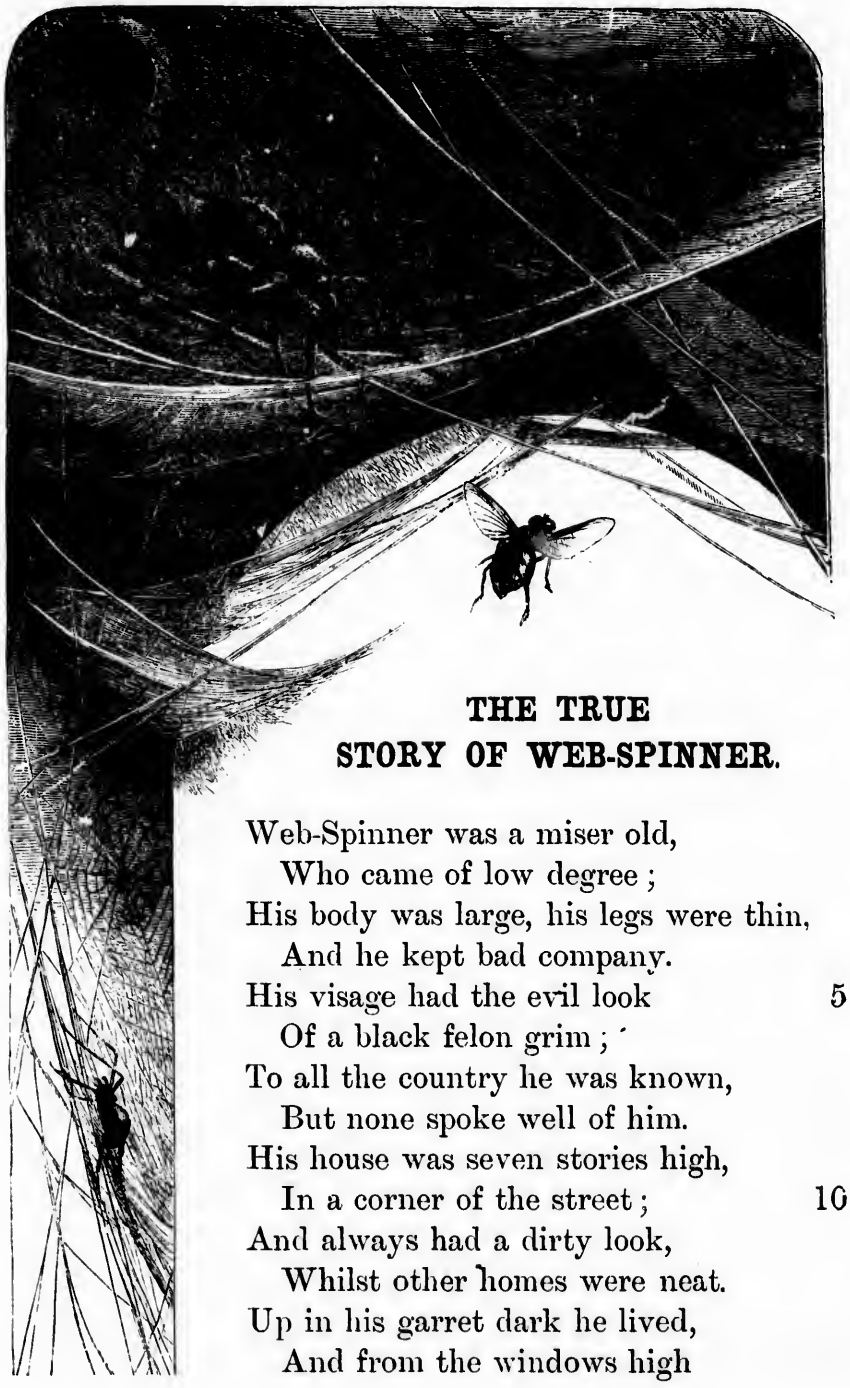
he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the tin soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and she was gone. Then the tin soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

ABOVE THE CLOUD.

"Mother, mother!" cried the young larks in great distress,—"look at father! Oh, he has gone now into that cloud, and we have lost him! O mother! why did he fly so high? Why did he let the cloud swallow him up?"—"Foolish children!" answered the mother bird. "He is safe enough. I can hear him singing even now. That cloud, which looks so gloomy to you, is dark only on the under side. He is above it, and sees a brighter blue sky than we do who are down here. Be content. He will return to us happier and wiser than when he left us, and will tell us that if he had not pierced that darkness he would never have believed how much glory and beauty were above it."

MRS. PROSSER.

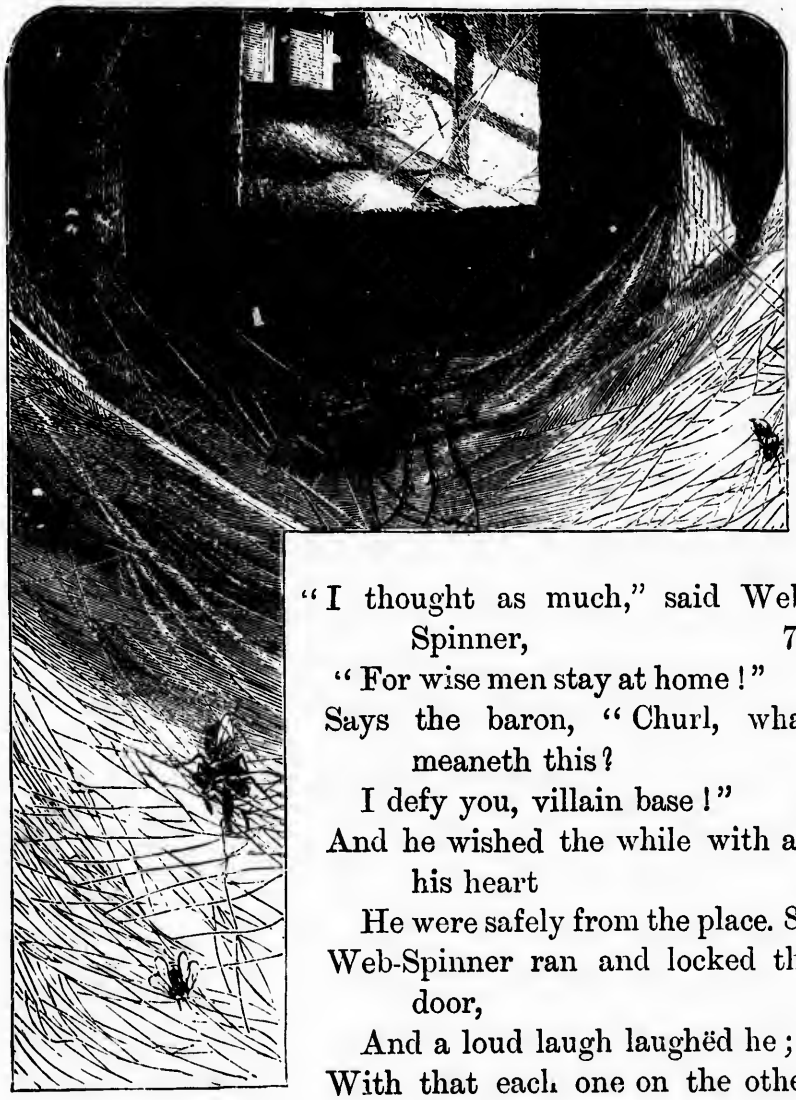


THE TRUE STORY OF WEB-SPINNER.

Web-Spinner was a miser old,
  Who came of low degree;
His body was large, his legs were thin,
  And he kept bad company.
His visage had the evil look
  Of a black felon grim;
To all the country he was known,
  But none spoke well of him.
His house was seven stories high,
  In a corner of the street;
And always had a dirty look,
  Whilst other homes were neat.
Up in his garret dark he lived,
  And from the windows high

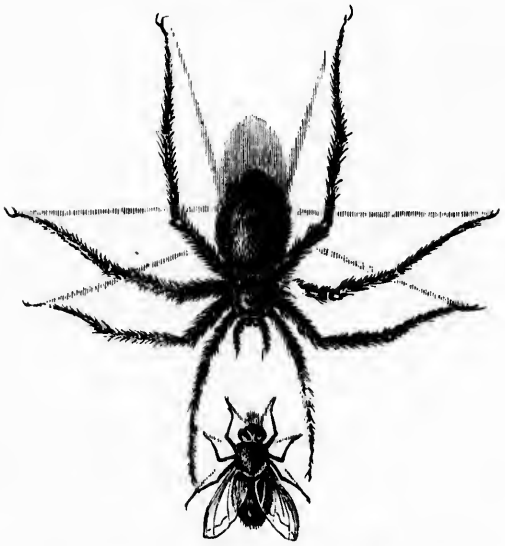
Looked out in the dusky evening
Upon the passers-by.
Most people thought he lived alone,
And many have averred
That dismal cries from out his house
Were often loudly heard;
And that none living left his gate,
Although a few went in;—
For he seized the very beggar old,
And stripped him to the skin;
And though he prayed for mercy,
Yet mercy ne'er was shown—
The miser cut his body up,
And picked him bone from bone.
Thus people said, and all believed
The dismal story true;—
As it was told to me, in truth,
I tell it so to you.
There was an ancient widow,
One Mrs. Margery Moth,
A stranger to the man, or she
Had ne'er gone there, in troth;
But she was poor, and wandered out
At nightfall in the street,
To beg from rich men's tables
Some scraps of broken meat.
So she knocked at old Web-Spinner's door
With a modest tap and low,
And down-stairs came he speedily,
Like an arrow from a bow.
"Walk in, walk in, mother!" said he,
And shut the door behind;

She thought, for such a gentleman,
That he was wondrous kind.
But ere the midnight clock had tolled,
Like a tiger of the wood,
He had eaten the flesh from off her bones,
And drunk of her heart's blood!
Now after this fell deed was done,
A little season's space,
The burly Baron of Bluebottle
Was riding from the chase;
The sport was dull, the day was hot,
The sun was sinking down,
When wearily the baron rode
Into the dusty town.
Says he, "I'll ask a lodging
At the first house I come to;"
With that the gate of Web-Spinner
Came suddenly in view.
Loud was the knock the baron gave,—
Down came the churl with glee:
Says Bluebottle, "Good sir, to-night
I ask your courtesy;
I'm wearied with a long day's chase,
My friends are far behind."
"You may need them all," said Web-Spinner,
"It runneth in my mind."
"A baron am I," said Bluebottle;
"From a foreign land I come."



"I thought as much," said Web-Spinner,
"For wise men stay at home!"
Says the baron, "Churl, what meaneth this?
I defy you, villain base!"
And he wished the while with all his heart
He were safely from the place.
Web-Spinner ran and locked the door,
And a loud laugh laughëd he;
With that each one on the other sprang,
And they wrestled furiously.
The baron was a man of might,
A swordsman of renown;
But the miser had the stronger arm.
And kept the baron down:

Then out he took a little cord
From a pocket at his side,
And with many a crafty, cruel knot,
His hands and feet he tied;
And bound him down unto the floor,
And said, in savage jest,
"There's heavy work in store for you,
So, baron, take your rest!"
Then up and down his house he went,
Arranging dish and platter,
With a dull and heavy countenance,
As if nothing were the matter.



At length he seized on Bluebottle,
That strong and burly man,
And with many and many a desperate tug
To hoist him up began:
And step by step, and step by step,
He went, with heavy tread;
But ere he reached the garret door
Poor Bluebottle was dead!

Now all this while a magistrate,
Who lived in the house hard by,
Had watched Web-Spinner's evil deeds
Through a window privily;
So in he bursts, through bolts and bars,
With a loud and thundering sound,
And vows to burn the house with fire,
And level it with the ground!
But the wicked churl, who all his life
Had looked for such a day,
Passed through a trap-door in the wall,
And took himself away.
But where he went no man could tell;
'Twas said that under ground
He died a miserable death,
But his body ne'er was found.
They pulled his house down, stick and stone;
"For a caitiff vile as he,"
Said they, "within our quiet town
Shall not a dweller be!"

MRS. HOWITT.

THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

If you look at a map of the world you will see, in the left-hand upper corner of the Eastern Hemisphere, two islands lying in the sea. They are England and Scotland, and Ireland. England and Scotland form the greater part of these islands. Ireland is the next in size. The little neighboring islands, which are so small upon the map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland, broken off, I dare say, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water.

In the old days, a long, long while ago, before our Saviour was born on earth and lay asleep in the manger, these islands were in the same place, and the stormy sea roared round them, just as it roars now. But the sea was not alive then with great ships and brave sailors, sailing to and from all parts of the world. It was very lonely. The islands lay solitary in the great expanse of water. The foaming waves dashed against their cliffs, and the bleak winds blew over their forests. But the winds and waves brought no adventurers to land upon the islands; and the savage islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world knew nothing of them.

It is supposed that the Phœnicians, who were an ancient people, famous for carrying on trade, came in ships to these islands, and found that they produced tin and lead—both very useful things, as you know, and both produced to this very hour

upon the sea-coast. The most celebrated tin-mines in Cornwall are still close to the sea. One of them, which I have seen, is so close to it that it is hollowed out underneath the ocean, and the miners say that in stormy weather, when they are at work down in that deep place, they can hear the noise of the waves thundering above their heads! So the Phœnicians, coasting about the islands, would come without much difficulty to where the tin and lead were. The Phœnicians traded with the islanders for these metals, and gave the islanders some other useful things in exchange.

The islanders were at first poor savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies, as other savages do, with colored earths and the juices of plants.

The whole country was covered with forests and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall made of mud, or the trunks of trees placed one upon another. The people planted little or no corn, but lived upon the flesh of their flocks and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever in basket-work, as savage people often are; and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and some very bad earthenware.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BEST SAFETY-VALVE.

Many years ago, there was a steam-boat plying on one of the American rivers. She was called the *Fame*. Captain Gordon, her commander, allowed no spirituous liquors to be used or kept by any of the officers or crew. About that time a new safety-valve for steam-boilers had been invented, which it was thought would tend to prevent explosions. It was called "Evan's Patent Safety-Valve." A good many people were unwilling to travel in any steam-boat, unless it was supplied with these valves. One day a gentleman called on Captain Gordon in the cabin of his boat, and told him that he and twenty persons in his company were desirous of going on in his boat. "But," said the gentleman, "I can't do it, neither can my company; for I have been below looking at your machinery, and I find you haven't got 'Evan's Patent Safety-Valve' attached to your boilers. For this reason we can't go with you."

"I shall be very happy to have your company," said Captain Gordon. "Come below, and I will show you the best safety-valve in the world."

They walked together to the engine-room. The captain stepped up to his sturdy engineer, and clapping him on the shoulder, said to the gentleman, "There, sir, is my safety-valve, the best to be found anywhere; a man who never drinks anything but PURE COLD WATER!"

"You are right, captain," said the stranger; "I want no better safety-valve than that. We will come on board, sir."

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

HYMN.

1. Gently think and gently speak.
Art thou strong?—respect the weak;
Art thou weak?—from what thou art
Gently judge another's heart.

2. He who knew the thoughts of men,
He was gentle. Let us, then,
Gentle be in thought and tone,
We who scarce can read our own.

3. Rain, and dews, and sunshine fall
With unbounded love on all:
Shall thy narrow heart refuse
Its poor sun, and rain, and dews?

4. Then be gentle, O my soul;
Thoughts and words alike control.
If thou must in aught decide,
Err upon the gentle side.

5. Gentleness can do no wrong
To the weak or to the strong;
Be thou strong, or be thou weak,
Gently think and gently speak.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.

WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

I will tell you a story which was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I thought of the story it seemed to me to become more and more charming; for it is with stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

I take it for granted that you have been in the country, and have seen a very old farm-house, with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch. There is a stork's nest on the summit of the gable; for we can't do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and

the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a little fat body. The elder tree hangs over the paling; and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard-dog too, that barks at all comers.

Just such a farm-house stood out in the country; and in this house dwelt an old couple—a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was one article among it that they could do without —a horse, which made a living out of the grass it found by the side of the highroad. The old peasant rode into the town on this horse; and often his neighbors borrowed it of him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse, or exchanged it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this *something* be?

"You'll know that best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day, so ride into town, and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me. Ride off to the fair."

And she fastened his necktie for him, for she could do that better than he could; and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all bound for the fair, were driving, or riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest, a man was trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow can be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange—the cow for the horse."

"Hallo, you there with the cow!" he said; "I tell you what: I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," returned the man; and so they exchanged.

Well, that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it; and so he went to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode sturdily on; and after a short time he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would

be more useful to have a sheep than a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So our peasant went on in the highroad with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something for my old woman; she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now, perhaps, she can have one; and, if possible, it shall be hers. Shall we exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became owner of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the highroad became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked on the road and close by the fence; and at the toll-gate they even walked into the toll-man's potato field, where his own hen was strutting about with a string to its leg, lest it should take fright at the crowd, and stray away, and so be lost. This hen had short tail-feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning. "Cluck! cluck!" said the hen. What it thought when it said this I

cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it he thought, "That's the finest hen I've ever seen in my life! Why, it's finer than our parson's brood hen. On my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose."

"Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged: the man at the toll-gate kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the hen.

CHAPTER II.

Now, he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat and drink, and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in, when the hostler came out, so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them—enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's terrible waste. I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a single apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoiled. 'It was always property,' my old woman said; but here she could see a quantity of property—a whole sackful. Yes; I shall be glad to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sackful?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? I will give my hen in exchange."

And so he gave the hen, and took the apples, which he carried into the guest-room. He laid the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot. He had not thought of that.

Many guests were present,—horse-dealers, ox-herds, and two Englishmen; and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins and almost burst; and they could bet, too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast.

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know—" said our peasant. And he told the whole story of the horse that he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it you well when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "There will be trouble."

"What?—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me and say, 'What the old man does is always right.'"

"Shall we make a bet?" said the Englishman. "We'll bet coined gold by the ton—a hundred pounds to the hundredweight."

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and

I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain, and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done!—taken!"

And the bet was made. The landlord's carriage came up, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in. Away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made exchange."

"Yes, you know what you're about," said the woman.

And she hugged him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse," said he.

"Heaven be thanked!" said she. "What glorious milk we shall now have, and butter and cheese upon the table! That was a most capital exchange."

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything: we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewes'-milk and cheese, and woollen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hair will only come off. How you think of everything!"

"But I exchanged the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall really have roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a hen," said the man.—"A hen? That *was* a good exchange!" replied the woman. "The hen will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall soon have chickens: we shall have a whole poultry-yard! Oh, that's just what I was wishing for." — "Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."— "What!—I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband! Now I'll tell you something. Do you know, you had hardly left me this morning, before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs. I had eggs, and bacon too; but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster's—they have herbs there, I know, — but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she answered me; 'nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shrivelled apple. I could

not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now *I* can lend *her* twenty, or a whole sackful. That I'm very glad of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.—"I like that!" exclaimed both the Englishmen together. "Always going down-hill, and always merry; that's worth the money."

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who was not scolded, but kissed.

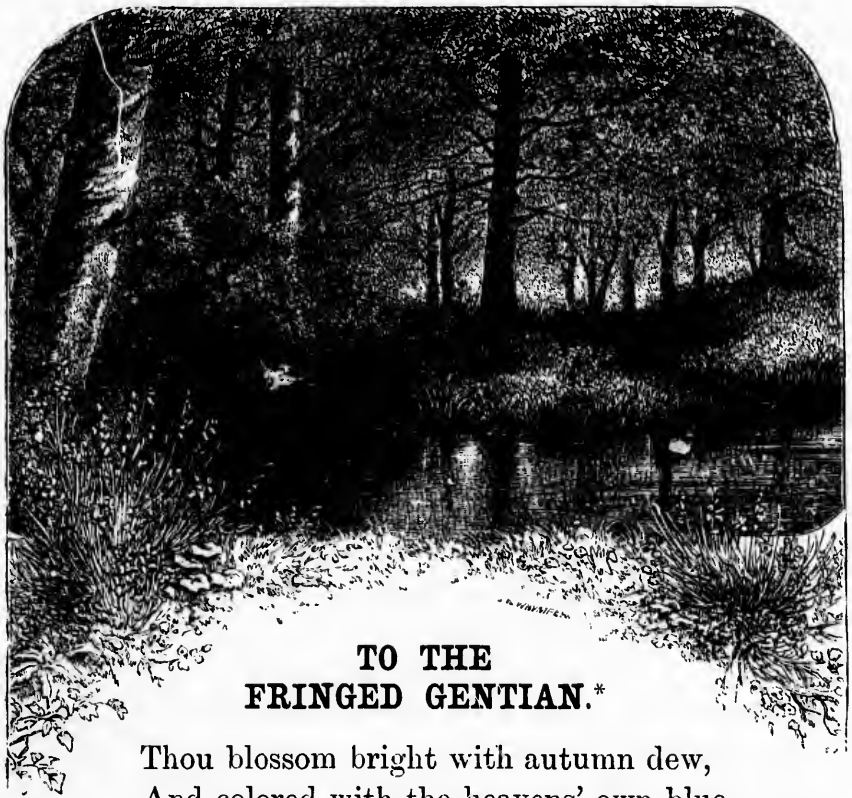
Yes, it always pays, when the wife sees and says that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

You see, that is my story. I heard it when I was a child; and now you have heard it too, and know that "What the old man does is always right."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

I saw a streamlet sleeping
  Beneath stern Winter's reign;
It seemed no power could wake it
  To life and mirth again.
The north wind roared and whistled,
  The angry storm raged loud;
But still unmoved the streamlet
  Slept in its wintry shroud.
At last the wind was weary,
  The tempest passed away;
There came a little sunbeam,
  And on the streamlet lay,—
A whisper from the south wind,
  A breath quite soft and low;
But see! the stream has heard it,—
  The melting waters flow!



TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.*

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

* Two species of fringed gentian may, during September, be found in bloom in moist, shady nooks.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

MOORE.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

REV. H. F. LYTE.

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